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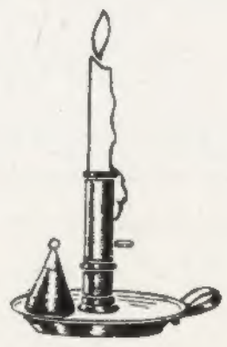

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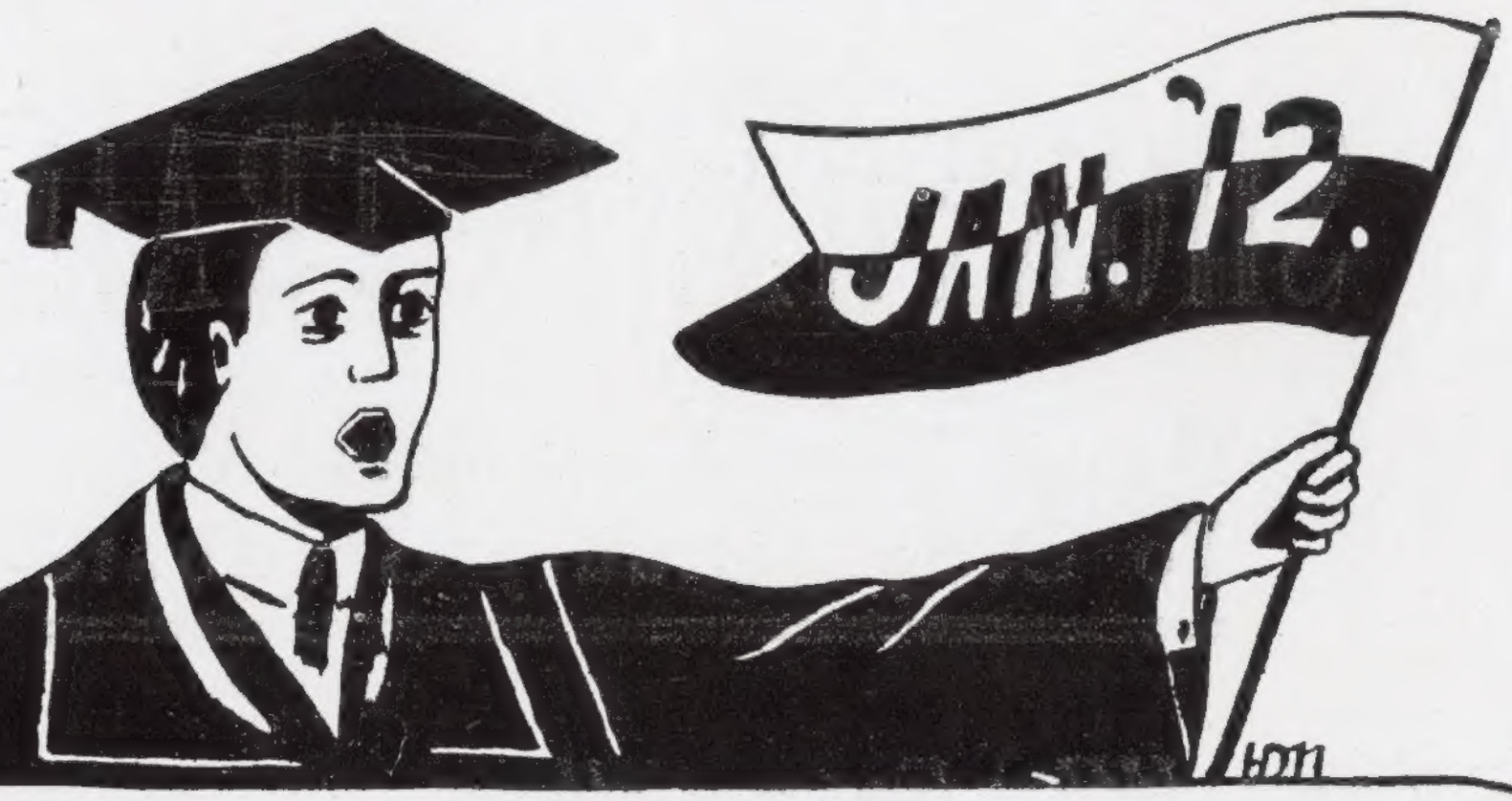


TO the students, faculty, and friends of the school, we of January, '12, do present this our Ultimatum.

In our humble way we have been able to produce a tangible something that will always remain, in our eyes at least, a memento of our efforts to do honor to Barringer High School.

If there be aught in this volume that enhances your love for our school, your estimation of our class, and at the same time amuses you, reader, the most sanguine wish of the editors will be realized.

To you, then, whose fortune it may be to read this book, we give greeting.

May our Ultimatum find acceptance in your eyes.

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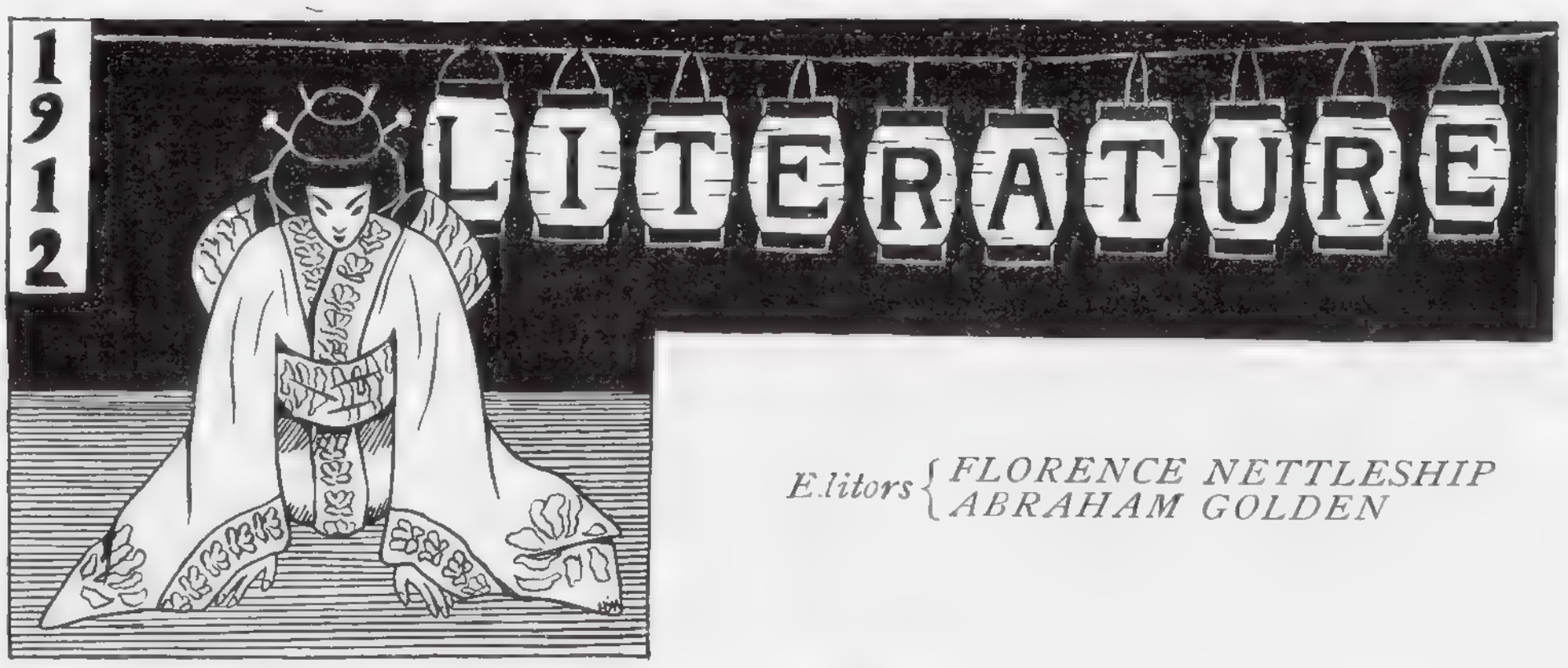


*Editors* { *FLORENCE NETTLESHIP*
*ABRAHAM GOLDEN*

## AND ONE CAN LEARN MUCH AT COLLEGE

FLORENCE O. NETTLESHIP.

Inky clouds, crashing thunder, beating surf; a night in which the very elements themselves seemed spurred on by the great forces of nature with indomitable fury. "In such a night as this," a schooner battled against the lofty waves of the Atlantic, in fearful danger of being dashed to pieces on the rocky Canadian coast. The crew labored manfully against the opposing storm, but as the night wore on, the stronger force prevailed and the little vessel floundered helplessly in the waves. Signals were fired to secure aid from any possible source, and immediately efforts were made by those on shore to rescue those on the doomed vessel. A line was brought, but before a shot could be fired, the *Nellie Hawkins*, of Savannah, was no more.

When the sun arose the next morning, the beach showed many signs of the tragedy; pieces of driftwood, broken spars, articles of clothing, and more remarkable than all the rest, a baby with a great scar on one arm, lashed to a piece of the railing. Such are the incidents of a shipwreck!

* * * *

Nine years had passed since the night of the shipwreck. Occasionally, people spoke of it, for there were few in the village to whom the story was not familiar, but the things of the present generally take one's attention, so people spoke much oftener of the village doings, and about the Montcalms. Somehow, people had a way of talking about the Montcalms; they were certainly a fine family, and as much thought of as anybody in Cape Canso Village. First there was Dr. Montcalm. Of course, every one knew him, for hadn't he doctored the whole community for the last twenty years? And where could one find a nicer lady or a kinder one, than his wife; or a livelier pair of lads than the Montcalm boys? Why! there hadn't been a village lark in a long time that wasn't either planned or executed by Aleck Montcalm, with Bob a close second. Gay times indeed were they that went on in the big white house on the hill. What difference did it make that the boys were only brothers in name? Ever since the morning when the half-drowned baby was washed ashore on Cape Canso beach, Bob had known no home but the doctor's house, and truly, no first-born could ever have received more love and care than Bob. He and Aleck had always been inseparable. From the time that he trudged patiently along to the brick school on the hill, and the fellows had begun to call him, "old man," the years that divided the two brothers had been as a connecting link and they were "chums," in every way.

But now, it was all changed. Up in Aleck's big room, the pennants were all torn from the walls, the pillows were packed away, the big trunk stood locked and strapped in the hall, while on the bed lay Aleck's new togs and half-filled bag, for Montcalm, Jr. was going to college. For twelve years he, too, had climbed the hill to the brick school. Primary, grammar and high had all in turn passed away, and there were no more educational facilities in the village whereby a son of Dr. Montcalm might continue his studies in a manner befitting his social station. That young worthy himself, apparently less excited over his departure than any of them, although inwardly "mighty fussed," as he put it himself, lay stretched out on the library sofa, lost in the latest football story of Arthur Stanwood Pier. Beside him, one small hand tucked in his brother's big fist, lay Bob, the picture of despair. At frequent intervals he would interrupt Aleck thus: "But, you know enough, everyone says so; don't go to college!"

"Oh! I say, old man, don't take it so hard. You know I'll be home Christmas."

"Christmas! What's Christmas? Look at all the Mondays and Tuesdays and Wednesdays and—and everything before you come back."

"Oh! cut it short, kid," begged the older boy. "You're only making yourself miserable. Wait a couple of seconds till I get this read, and we'll get the racquets and play till dinner time."

Thus it went, and soon, all too soon, came the hour of Aleck's departure. In the excitement of driving over to Castleton and seeing him on the train, Bob had little time to give vent to his feelings. And just as the train pulled out, who should come along but Dick Ambrose, with a brand new Winchester, which he was nothing loath to show the admiring youngster.

But, when night came, it seemed queer to sit down to the table with one place empty, and still queerer when it came time to do Monday's lessons. Next day wasn't quite so bad, because there was church in the morning, and after dinner they all drove over to Elmville and didn't come back till bed time; but Monday was awful, and Tuesday still worse. Wednesday, a letter came from Aleck, telling about his trip and his room and all the good times away off at Montreal; the first good times he had ever had, in which Bob didn't share. It must have been the contents of this letter that made Bob decide, but at any rate, when he went to bed Friday night, he had fully resolved to go to college too.

"And why shouldn't I?" the little fellow said to himself, "I've got money in my china pig—most eleven shillings, Pa said, and I know a lot, too. Doesn't mama tell me so whenever I bring my report home from school? Bud will be glad to see me; he said himself he'd take me, only he was 'broke.' I can take the same train he did. Tomorrow's Saturday. Dummy Wilson will take me over to Castleton on the baker wagon; I've gone with him lots of times. Then all there is to do is to get on the train and go to Montreal, ask somebody which house is the college, ring the bell, and my dear Bud will come to the door."

Having thus arranged matters to his own satisfaction, Bob went to sleep, firmly resolved on departure. It is hard for grown people to fathom the workings of a child's mind, but I do not believe it ever occurred to Bob that his parents might object—I doubt if he gave it a thought; his whole mind was so occupied with the idea of going away and seeing Aleck.

Saturday's sun shone clear and bright, and fortune seemed to favor the plans of the young schemer. He often rode on the wagon with Dummy Wilson, for his mother well knew that the big half-witted teamster would allow no harm to come to her boy; so when he spoke of riding over to

Castleton, no objections were made. Going up to his room, he industriously shook out the contents of the china pig and transferred them to his pocket; then, upon hearing the bell that announced the passing of the baker, he slipped out of the house.

Wilson readily consented to take him along, so clambering up on the broad seat, he artlessly told his friend how he was going on the train. "Sho! now," said Dummy, when he explained his mission, "That do beat all! You boys allers was the greatest youngsters I ever did see for runnin' round! I'd like to take a ride on the cars myself!"

When they reached Castleton, Bob alighted and stood on the platform till the train pulled in. There were a great many people going up to the city that day, and the train was very well filled, but Bob cheerfully sat down with a fat woman, two babies, and a market basket, and looked out of the window. Everything was new, for although he had driven around a good bit and gone to St. John on the boat, he had never taken the train but once, and that was in the opposite direction, up to Canso Inlet.

After a while the conductor came along and took up the tickets, but as he didn't speak to Bob or take any notice of him, squeezed in by the market basket, Bob certainly was not disposed to speak to him. Besides, what would he say?

The train rolled on and on; presently the open fields changed to sparsely-settled towns and these, in turn, to the solidly built city. Soon the train pulled into a great station and everyone began to get out. Bob thought he had never seen so many people before, but he wriggled through the crowd, and finally came to the other side of the station, where cabs and carriages were drawn up in a confused line.

"Cab, *m'sieur?*"

Bob looked up and saw that the remark was addressed to him. A jovial, French-Canadian driver, with a cheerful red face, was beaming down on him with evident good humor.

"Well, I want to go to the 'universary,'" said Bob. He had practiced that word and felt proud of its length.

"The University, did you say? And why, m'sieur, do you weesh there to go? I'll wager you haven't a sou to give me eef I do drive you there."

"I have eleven shillings," responded Bob, with dignity; "Hear 'em jingle? If you'll get me something to eat and take me there, you can have 'em all, I'm so hungry!"

Fortunately, the cabmen was honest, and also had a kind heart. He went into the station eating-room and brought out a bag of cakes and some sugar plums, which the famished lad attacked with vigor. He offered the man all his money, but his newly found friend told him to wait till he got to his destination. Bob scorned the inside of the stuffy cab, preferring to sit on the box, where he could talk to his friend, and see the sights. As the slow vehicle rumbled along, the little boy opened his eyes wider and wider at the unfamiliar sights of the city. Presently they came to a residential section, and finally stopped before a group of massive buildings, surrounded by rolling lawns and large trees.

Is this 'college'?" asked Bob in wonder. "Why, it's bigger than our house, and I don't see Bud either. Here, I told you I'd give you my money if you brought me; here it is."

"No, no, *mon fils,*" said the cabman kindly, "I'll take a shilling for the cakes and all, to give my petite Marie, but no more. You'll need it yourself," and lifting his youthful fare to the ground, the cabman drove off, leaving Bob very much alone.

As John Bristol swept the leaves into neat piles on the campus, he noticed a small object under one of the great chestnuts. To see was to find out with John, so he immediately threw down his rake and went over to the object.

"Well, bless my soul! If it isn't a youngster," he exclaimed. "Asleep, too. My! he's no common lad! Look at his clothes, dirty but fine. He'll take his death o' cold here. Wake up, sonny, and let's hear how you come to be nappin' this time o' day."

"I'm—I'm looking for—for Bud," said Bob, now half-awakened. "Where's my Bud?"

"Bud? Bud? Who's Bud? Come up to the lodge with me, sonny, and I'll give you your tea; then you can tell me all about it."

Thus it came that Bob found himself seated in the groundkeeper's big arm chair at the lodge while John's good-natured sister made tea for the little boy, and washed his face. Under the combined restoratives of sleep and food, Bob began to talk and artlessly related his adventures. After telling about his trip, Bob told them of his home and family and then added: "But my papa and mama do love me lots, even though God didn't have me born there."

"Have you been born there?" ejaculated his hostess, "Well, then, in the name of Victoria, whom do you belong to?"

Thus questioned, Bob told all he knew about his childhood, including, of

(*Continued on page* 54.)

## PONY BOY

(Adapted.)

A fool there was and his Latin did fare
  (Even as yours and mine)
With a green little book, so quaint and so rare,
Some called it the road how to "get there,"
But the fool he called it his pony fair,
  Even as you and I.

O, the time we waste and the fears we waste
  In our work with that green little book,
Compiled by an author who did not know,
And now we know he never did know
  What Caesar undertook.

A fool there was and his heart he lent
  (Even as you and I)
To a green little book—with honest intent,
And it wasn't the least what the teacher meant;
But a fool must follow his natural bent,
  Even as you and I.

O, the 10's we lost and the 9's we lost
  And the clever schemes we planned,
Wiped out by the teacher who did know why,
And now we know he always knew why,
  That green little book was on hand.

ABRAHAM GOLDEN.

## A PSALM OF SCHOOL

(Adapted)

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  That I cannot graduate;
For I've studied in my slumbers,
  Studied early, studied late.

School is real! School is earnest!
  Graduation's not its goal;
Each P. G. to it returneth,
  Delves in lessons like a mole.

Not for pleasure, nor for sorrow,
  Are we kept in day by day;
But to study for to-morrow
  What we should have known to-day.

Former students all remind us
  When we leave forever more;
We, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the corridor.

Footprints some 1 B can follow
  Looking for his room in vain,
Footprints some belated fellow,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Let us hope to graduate.

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zxo*:.,?;-ffl—*)(,.::  ?)(?-:————

Translation of above.

## A TRAGEDY

Sling out, O heav'nly muse, live wire of song,
A dose of pep and ginger to my lines.
Inculcate these blanks————

EDITOR'S COMMENT—At the excavation of the campus, for the tree of the class of Jan., 1912, a large stone box was unearthed greatly resembling in shape a pencil box. (Yes, common garden variety.) In it were twelve tablets. The above symbols may serve to give the reader some idea of what was inscribed upon all but the last which was so much the worse for its antiquity, that all attempts to decipher it had, in the end, we regret to state, to be abandoned. The reader will observe at once from the above, that the inscription is unlike the Assyrian Cuneiform, unlike the Egyptian Hieroglyphics, unlike the Indian picture writing, in fact unlike anything that has ever before encountered his eye. (Scientists declare it is a language hitherto undiscovered and that the people who spoke it were a very hardy and savage race, for in some places it is clearly stated that they sometimes carried ponies in their pockets and devoured hot dogs, etc.) The reader may now, perhaps, appreciate in some slight degree the unprecedented difficulty which the editors encountered in deciphering and translating. Some phrases like "Cut it out!" "Can it, Liz!" and "Kwit-Ur-Kiddn," the editors deemed wisest to omit from the translation published below because, in their better judgment, they could not be comprehended by those outside of the erudite class of January, 12. (Some reference is made in one place to Rome showing that the inscription long antedates that great empire.) However, in the main, the following was translated almost verbatim except in rare instances where it was absolutely imperative to depart in some slight degree from the original inscription. The reader will find at the bottom of the pages profuse notes which may serve to enlighten him when in perplexity. They were written in the fulness of power (after the editors had made the translation). The references are all authoritative and given only after due consideration and much deliberation. To these, then, and to the translation published below, we, the editors of the ULTIMATUM respectfully invite your attention.

## PROLOGUE

Sling out, O heav'nly muse, live wire of song,
A dose of pep and ginger to my lines;
Inculcate these blanks—I mean blank verse—
With snap to send them fizzing high above
The dizzy heights of proud *Acropolis.*
What's that? "Barringer ten, East Orange o." (*Terrific applause behind curtain*). That is the Roman way of taking votes.
Imagine these to be the gentle shouts
Of Roman citizens and suffragettes.
Scenes set? Floors scrubbed? All faces painted up?

VOICE (*from behind curtain*)—Why sure, we're taking the class picture now.

Well, here she goes; defend your Ingersolls—
We're not responsible for stolen goods.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

PETROLIUS POMPADORIUS VANDERIO..An Oily Roman Gent, Tribune of the People
VICTROLA MACAVIA .....Daughter to Vanderio
GASSIUS HOTAIRIO DVINCIUS.....A Citizen of Rome
MERCURIUS .....The Messenger of Jove
Tribunes, Soothsayers, Citizens, Citizenesses, and Suffragettes, *et al.*
Time: Two weeks before the Ides of March.[1]
Scene: In the Roman forum.

## ACT I.

*Enter*: VANDERIO, VICTROLA, HOTARIO, *and rabble of* citizens, citizenesses, *and* suffragettes.

(VANDERIO *goes into the pulpit.*)

ALL—Vanderio, the noble, is ascended.
Silence!

1ST CITIZENESS—O, look upon his comely countenance.
My sister, and his classy pompadour!

VANDERIO—Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears.

ALL—Wilt thou return them on next Saturday?

VANDERIO—Peace ho! and kindly let me have my say.
The Powers That Be of late have made a law
The which with bold disdain was met by us.
By legal means to peacefully annul this law
Our noble purpose is this day.
The Mighty Powers decreed in this new law
That every citizen, both young and old,
From out the state of Rome shall banished be
And 'neath his ping-pong shall his name be writ—
A sight to all succeeding ages 'curst—
If he but whisp'reth any word or phrase
In any publick street or publick park,
Or any private home or private walk.

ALL—A law to gag our throats! We'll be revenged!

VICTROLA—Patriots!

ALL—Peace! Victrola speaks.

VICTROLA—I needs must rise my sister to protect.
Against hard-hearted men——[2]

1ST CITIZENESS (*aside*)—Look, sis, look at her cheeks so red and fresh!
I wonder where she bought that horrid dress.

2ND CITIZENESS (*aside*)—Fresh paint is cheap. There was last week a sale
Of Cotton cloth like that at Bamberhahne's.

VICTROLA—Alas! Is't come to this—that whispering,
That gentlest art of woman, is to be
Prohibited by law in this free state?
Oh, shades of Xantippe! would'st deprive
A woman of her talk? A crime, forsooth,
A crime to ask your neighbor's kind advice—

[1] Commencement and Class Day.
[2] Incomplete lines like this show the unfinished state of this great drama.

"How does my new hat fit?" and similar?
A crime to ask the score of football games?
"Who was it made that marvelous end run
And made a touchdown after a great slide
Of fifty yards upon his noble phiz?" [1]
Again I ask, would you call that a crime?
A crime to whisper words of love to *him?*
It is not for myself I seek redress;
I plead for one—a faithful friend of mine,
Already banished to a distant land (*sobs*)
Her name, alas! disgraced, her ping-pong snapped
When all her puffs (*sobs vilently*) were absent from her head.
My heart in exile there with Glauca is
And I must pause until she mails it back.

HOTAIRIO (*aside*)—Alas! poor soul! Her eyes are red with weeping.
(*Aloud*)—Weep not, fair maid, thy tears do melt my heart.
A common plight we share, Victrola fair.

1ST CITIZENESS—Small wonder is it that he, too, is moved,
For such a law would knock his wagging tongue
Upon the head and make it silent be.

HOTAIRIO—Where are our rights, our laws, our liberties?
Our constitution—*lost,* you say? Oh, slush!
Wilt, then, a copy of it hither bring
And I shall prove to you conclusively
That we, and we alone, are in the right?

1ST SUFFRAGETTE—The Powers That Be by this decree do strive
T' impede the progress of our noble cause.
Vive les Suffragettes![2]

2ND SUFFRAGETTE—Let not the monsters live, who steal our votes!

3RD SUFFRAGETTE—Revenge, burn, seek thumbtacks, hatpins!

VANDERIO—You gentle women have my sympathy!
No matter where you place a woman, friends,
No matter what position or estate
You place her in, she is an ornament
To that place which she occupies and is
A pleasure to the world.

ALL—Bravo! Bravo!

VANDERIO—Look at the noble names of history!
At Cleopatra! Desdemona, too!
At Florence Nightingale and Jeanne D'Arc!
And look at Mary Garden!

ALL—Put him out!

VANDERIO—Well, then let Mary Garden slide. But look
At Carrie Nation, Barbara Fritchie brave!
So let us cherish woman and give her our support,
Encouragement, our sympathy—ourselves—
(If we but get the opportunity)
For on my part, methinks that to deprive

[1] We suggest that the reference here may be to some portion of the paraphernalia of an ancient game known as football. It has long since fallen into disuse as each contest cost the lives of all twenty-two participants. See Bunks, "How to Play Football" and Soup-plate on "Culinary Art," page 41144.

[2] A political party of great strength formed in Rome, about the time Balboa discovered the North Pole. We refer the reader to *Mrs. MacKanton's Fashion Book* and the *Ladies' Home Review.*

A woman of her only joy and source
Of genuine ecstacies—unhampered use
Of her own tongue, is but the fiendish work
Of Hades hot and regions more remote.

1ST CITIZENESS—What ho! Vanderio, there's class to you!

ALL—Ay, ay, both well and nobly said, some class!

2ND CITIZENESS—Such fearless words of wisdom and such tho'ts!
Would I were the nose upon that face
That I might hover over lips so sweet!

HOTAIRIO—Shall we permit such despotism here?
The Powers do sit astride this narrow world
As you and I and all of us our horse,
Our faithful ponies sit astride. O whoa!
And we must learn to live in constant awe.
Yet this is Rome, and we are sons of Rome!
Why, in that elder day, to be her son
Was greater than to be Teddysses[1] bold.
Or Bill Taftonis[2] of the globe-like vest!
Full many times and oft I thought of death,
But then I thought a bolder, nobler thought.
Vengeance is still alive; from her dark cave,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest
She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms.
Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread,
The measured tread of many marching men
At singing book review in days of yore,
I swear an oath! (*Draws cheese knife.*) We shall again be free!
My aeroplane, good chauffeur, come—prepare!
I will to high Olympus and to Jove.
(*Exit flourishing knife over his head.*)

1ST CITIZEN—Revoke, revoke, I say, revoke this law!

VANDERIO—As you the people rule, so shall it be. (*Loud cheers.*)

## ACT II.

*Enter* MERCURIUS *who goes into the pulpit and prepares to address the assembled horde of citizens.*

VANDERIO—Hear! Hear! Mercurius would speak. Peace, ho!

1ST SUFFRAGETTE—Oh, who is yonder messenger that comes
With swift approaching steps and kindly mien?

1ST CITIZENESS—You don't know him? Mercurius? Well, well!
The Dreadnought, with a record target score?
For he can scold a Plutocrat in Greek,
In Latin, Deutsch or Polish, Sanskrit, French.

MERCURIUS—Remember March, the Ides remember well!
My friends, desist, 'twere wiser far, desist!
Revoke this law, and all the wrath of high
Olympus bring ye down upon your heads.
And ye shall have no Triumph for your pains,
The Triumph over Subjects conquered now
When four long years of bloody strife are o'er.

ALL (*aghast*)—What? No triumph? Ouch! Our hearts will break.

[1] A warlike huntsman of the period.

[2] An individual, who, because of his great weight and commanding presence, was made ruler of the whole Empire.

1ST CITIZEN—The sole ambition of our lives—our joys.
And all our fondest hopes wiped out, alas!
As mother's soup-plates with a dish-rag are.

2ND CITIZEN—All's lost, all's ruined! Freedom is no more!
Oh ye immortal Gods! Ye crool, crool Fates!

3RD CITIZEN—By Hercules, they have us on the hip!

MERCURIUS—Do not revoke this law, Vanderio.
Disperse this crowd and get a wiggle on.

VANDERIO—Methinks it is a wiser thing to bear
The hardships of this law for two weeks more,
Before we ope the longed-for box of sweets
That's marked "Festivities" and Yum! Yum! taste
The luscious contents. Dost thou get me, Steve?[1]

1ST CITIZEN—Methinks there is much reason in his saying.

2ND CITIZEN—A George, a second Georgie Washington.

VANDERIO—Then honor to the Rulers of our fates—
We never thought them worse, but for their jokes.
But *ore favete, fermez-la bouche, schweig* still!
My friends, keep mum as clams and so let stay
To win the glories of that coming day.

(*Continued on page* 57.)

## A SELECTION

Then in the guise of Phorbas comes the god
And to the pilot speaks with wily words:
"Oh, Palinurus, son of Iasius,
Your ship now skims along the placid waves,
The gentle breezes waft her on her course.
Then give this hour to quiet; cease, and rest,
And I myself will take the helmsman's place."
The tired pilot raised his eyes and said:
"You tell me to ignore the quiet deep
And trust my comrades to the treach'rous sea?
Wherefore should I confide in portents false
Which often by their aspect have deceived?"
And while he spoke, he held the tiller fast,
And kept his eyes fixed on the guiding stars.
When lo, the god shakes o'er his head a branch
Which, steeped in Stygian dew, the power had
Of loosening the victim's limbs in sleep.
So Palinurus, overpowered, slept.
Then instantly the helm was torn away,
The ship's side gaped, the waters rushed between,
And Palinurus fell into the deep,
In vain he called his comrades to his aid.
Meanwhile the god flew up into the sky,
And with his wings he cut the limpid air.

Aeneid, Book V, 841-861. EDITH LL. ROWLAND.

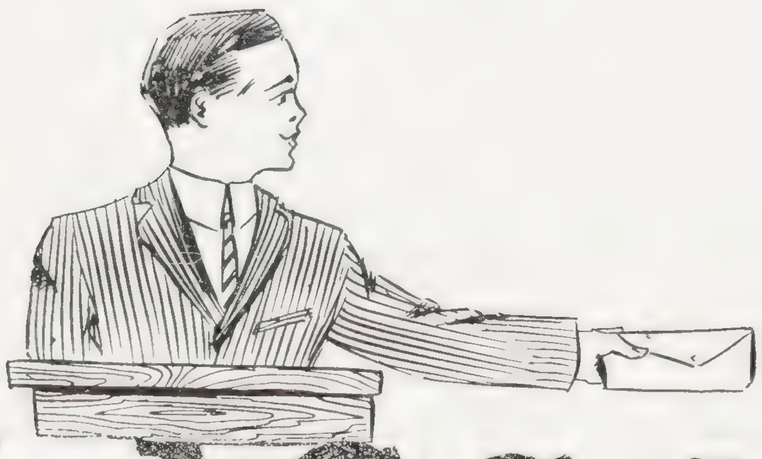
[1] Several commentators believe that this was commonly used in English literature before the flood; but others hold that it was coined by the author of this immortal drama.

# EXITURI SALUTAMUS

(Adapted.)

"O, Schoolmates, we who are about to go
Console you!" cry we graduates, you know,
In auditorium, standing face to face
With Mr. Stearns and all the populace.
O ye familiar scenes—ye corridors,
Ye lessons learned which once we thought such bores,
Thou gym, in whose seclusion and repose
Our heads and heels in perfect concord (?) rose,
Are vanished. We, about to graduate,
To 4 B's leave the places we vacate,
And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And seek to kill the time that we once killed,
4 B's, who tremblingly await your fate,
We, Senior A's, about to graduate,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our knowledge as with flow'rs!
Let him not boast who enters 4 A class,
As he who in the end that grade can pass.
Study yourselves; but most of all learn well,
From us 4 A's, in "cutting" to excel.
And now, my classmates, ye remaining few
That number half of the 4 B's we knew,
O, ye, against whose well-known names not yet
The fatal mark that flunks has e'er been set,
Ye I salute! The clock which tells the time
Strikes the five-minute with a solemn chime,
And summons us our talking to eschew,
Or go to tardy room at half-past two.
What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is? When I survey
This throng of lessons I must do alone,
Easy and fair, and yet to me unknown,
I fall asleep and dream of all the fears
Which we have conquered during these four years.
"Ah, me! the four glad years since first we met,
Seem to me, but four folios bound and set
By Time, the great transcriber, on his shelves.
Wherein are writ the hist'ries of ourselves.
What tragedies, what comedies, are there;
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair!
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle and temptation and retreat,"
Along the way that to one object tends,
The ULTIMATUM or—the End of Ends!

"ULTIMATUM" BOARD



# CLASS NOTES

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*Abraham Golden.*
*Florence O. Nettleship.*

*STINGS.*
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*HUMOR.*
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*CLASS NOTES.*
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*Bertha Meyer*
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*Business Manager, JULIUS SEITZ.*

*Assistant Business Manager.....Philip Sievering*

*Circulation Manager.....Harold R. Robinson*

## 1912

O, young 1912 is come out of the test,
Through all the School's history our record's the best,
And save our fine spirit we weapon had none,
But the School's ringing yet with the vict'ries we've won.
So faithful in love for the White and the Blue,
There ne'er was a class like old One-Nine-One-Two.

Four long years ago we began our career
As innocent 1 B's in trembling and fear,
Which stairs to go up, and which stairs to go down,
Which way of the corridor one must go round—
From one until five we learned what to do;
Oh, a bright canny class was young One-Nine-One-Two!

We stayed not at Latin, we stopped not at Math,
Not English nor Botany hindered our path;
But ere we could enter the Sophomore grade,
Exams. must be taken in long line arrayed.
Soon these were completed, and proudly passed through,
As Sophomores graded was One-Nine-One-Two.

We tried in this year an original plan,
In wielding of pens our energies ran;
A paper we thought would be just the thing,
And closer in contact our classmates would bring.
Its fame when once started immediately grew,
All remember *The Arrow* of One-Nine-One-Two.

When organization we Junior's attempt
'Midst stormy confusion and wild argument,
The President's chair "Billy" Landmesser takes,
Miss Williams an able Vice-President makes,
Miss Edsall as scribe records all that we do,
While Engleke finances One-Nine-One-Two.

When finished with matters of such great concern,
Our minds to festivities naturally turn.
In joyful array we collect in the gym
And hold our first social with spirit and vim;
With dancing and games, the time swiftly flew
At this jovial gathering of One-Nine-One-Two.

A new set of officers we must elect;
An exceedingly fine 3-A term we expect,
Since Maxwell his task with Miss MacEvoy shares,
And Miss Rowland narrates in her book our affairs,
While Bert once again collects all that is due
The funds of the treasury of One-Nine-One-Two.

Our title of Seniors we proudly assume
And the duties of organization resume.
Jean Barling to lead with Miss MacEvoy's aid,
Miss Hoagland to note the events of this grade;
These three then, with treasurer Vander Roest, too,
We choose as the leaders of One-Nine-One-Two.

One day all the Under-Grads curiously stare
At the little gold seals that the Senior B's wear
On which "B. H. S., '12" in bright letters is read,
And richly embossed in dull gold is the head
Of Minerva the wise; *mirabile dictu,*
They are the new class-pins of One-Nine-One-Two.

To the lawn in the front of the school now we fly,
Our lessons deserted, our books all thrown by.
There solemnly gather around our class tree,
While the dignified leader doth duly decree
That this ever shall stand all the long ages through,
A memorial fair, of dear One-Nine-One-Two.

The tale of Tom Cobb, he of Irish descent,
A rollicking comedy now we present,
To the marvellous cast, all of whom you must know,
And the skill of our Chairman and coach do we owe
The success of this farce, which first brought into view
The dramatical skill of One-Nine-One-Two.

The time passes on and brings us at last
The long desired glories of A Senior class.
Our executive staff, of course, first we arrange,
Jean Barling and Vander Roest places exchange,
And then come Miss Osborne and Katherine who
Completes the great archives of One-Nine-One-Two.

Take now our class motto, last word to the wise,
'Tis that knowledge seeks out, but that wisdom applies,
In our ULTIMATUM this rule we have tried—
With success? Our dear comrades, 'tis you must decide.
So take then our book, and pay for it too,
To show *your* affection for One-Nine-One-Two.

To Barringer High now we bid our farewell;
What the fates have in store for us no one can tell.
The years may bring honor and riches to some,
By others great conquests perhaps will be won,
But whatever may come, let us always be true
To the Purple and Gold of our One-Nine-One-Two.

L. E. O. and H. J. E.

## SENIOR PERSONALIA

### COLLEGE PREPARATORY GERMAN

Beckmeyer, Evelyn G., 37 Rose Street.....Normal
Dvinsky, Israel B., 194 Spruce Street.....New York University
Debating Team, '11.
Evenden, Hazel E., 30 Stirling Street.....Barnard
Gray, Castor W., 877 South Sixteenth Street..University of Pennsylvania
Haselmayer, Ethel,* 682 Parker Street.....Wellesley
ULTIMATUM.
Hill, George, 166 Elwood Avenue.....Biltmore School of Forestry
Varsity Football, '10, '11; Hockey, '10, '11.
Jayson, Victor, 229 South Orange Avenue.....Harvard
Chess and Checker Club.
Meyer, Bertha, 593 Orange Street.....Normal
ULTIMATUM.
Mulligan, James* 76 Shipman Street.....Cornell
Cross-Country, '11.
Ostrow, August,† 51 Lincoln Street.....Columbia
4B Farce; Debating Team; Civics Club.
Peppel, Edward, 372 Elm Street.....
Robinson, Harold R., 84 Milford Avenue.....Princeton
ULTIMATUM.
Rowland, Edith, LL., 887 Lake Street.....Barnard
ULTIMATUM; *Acropolis* 3 A, 4 B, 4 A; 4 B Farce; Class Secretary 3 A.
Saferstein, J. George,‡ 55 Beacon Street.....Cornell
Schwartz, David, 143 Belmont Avenue .....
Strauss, Daniel, 472 Springfield Avenue .....

* Neither absent nor tardy during High School course.
† Four years' course completed in three years.
‡ Received scholarship in N. J. College of Pharmacy.

Tompkins, Viola L., 246 Clifton Avenue.....Normal
ULTIMATUM; 4 B Farce.
Welanko, Abraham, 315 South Seventh Street.....New York University
Wiener, Mervyn, 62½ Nelson Place.....Columbia
ULTIMATUM, Editor-in-Chief; 4 B Farce.
Zwaifler, Nathan, 271 Littleton Avenue.....Bellevue

COLLEGE PREPARATORY FRENCH.

Bassewic, Sarah, 65 Sherman Avenue.....Library Course
Biddle, Flora M., 201 North Third Street.....Normal
Bortone, Margaret, 150 Bloomfield Avenue..Woman's Med. Col. of Penn.
Bradley, Helen M., 217 North Fifth Street.....Normal
Clawans, Edward, 32 Rutgers Street.....Cornell
Dodd, Ethel,* 573 Highland Avenue .....Wellesley
ULTIMATUM.
Dvorken, Eva, 134 Court Street.....Normal
Golden, Abraham, 11 Clayton Street.....University of California
ULTIMATUM; Chess and Checker Club.
Gordon, Jeannette, 121 Pennsylvania Avenue.....Normal
ULTIMATUM.
Gregory, Mildred G.,§ 21 Roseville Avenue.....Wellesley
Secretary, French Club 4 A.
Hayes, Alma, 20 North Fifth Street.....Normal
Kanter, Charles, 46 Prince Street.....Cornell
Kauffman, Adele, 74 North Eleventh Street.....Montclair Normal
Girls' Basketball Team.
Mancusi-Ungaro, Elviro, 86 Mt. Prospect Avenue.....
Mezger, Doris, 155 Delavan Avenue.....
4 B Farce; Girls' Basketball; Vice-President of French Club 4 B, 4 A.
Moryck, Estelle, 141 Somerset Street.....Wellesley
Nettleship, Florence, 18 Osborne Terrace.....Montclair Normal
ULTIMATUM; 4 B Farce.
Olds, Martha, 162 Washington Avenue .....Normal
Osborne, Laura E., 173 Mt. Prospect Avenue.....Montclair Normal
Class Vice-President 4 A; Girls' Basketball.
Scheller, Lillie, 841 South Eleventh Street .....Normal
Schiffenhaus, Ida, 35 Eckert Avenue.....Pratt Institute
Seitz, Julius,* 184 Hunterdon Street.....Columbia
ULTIMATUM.
Siff, Samuel, 226 Central Avenue .....Columbia
Chess and Checker Club.
Stitch, Max, 290 Hunterdon Street.....Cornell
4 B Farce.
Ward, Anna D., 182 South Sixth Street.....Normal

COLLEGE PREPARATORY GREEK.

Burke, Jay, 338 Roseville Avenue.....Princeton
ULTIMATUM; Hockey, '10, '11.
Edsall, Helen, 280 Roseville Avenue.....Wellesley
Class Secretary, 3 B; Girls' Basketball; Girls' Meet.
Lenrow, Lester, 48 Parkhurst Street.....Columbia
Liffland, Isadore, 67 Hillside Place.....Princeton

MANUAL TRAINING.

Izon, Genevieve, 213 North Ninth Street.....Pratt Institute

* Neither absent nor tardy during High School course.
§ Honor Roll for Senior term.

## GENERAL LATIN.

Allen, Carolyn, 95 Jefferson Street.....Normal
Avery, Edith, 143 Van Buren Street.....Normal
Day, Jessie M., 35 Lombardy Street.....Normal
Denninger, May, 46 Elliot Street.....Normal
Haynes, Edith, 356 Clifton Avenue.....Normal
Hutchings, May A., 226 South Eighth Street.....Normal
Peiper, Helen, 72 Van Ness Place.....Normal
Morton, Helen D., 720 Clifton Avenue.....Normal
ULTIMATUM; Girls' Basketball; Girls' Tennis.
Naugle, E. Parker, 70 Chester Avenue.....Penn. State
Varsity Basketball, '10-'11; Class Basketball, '10-'11; Bowling, '10-'11; Tennis, '11; Glee Club.
Smith, Mollie R., 278 Warren Street.....Normal
Wagoner, Jessie C., 110 Orchard Street.....Normal
Weber, Louise, 425 Fifteenth Avenue.....Normal
Wherett, Alice E., 13 Taylor Street.....Normal

## GENERAL FRENCH.

Barling, Eugene, 207 North Fifth Street.....Business
Class Treasurer, 4 A; Class President, 4 B; *Acropolis*, 2 A; Captain of Swimming Team, '10, '11; President of French Club.
Golden, Anna, 38 Cottage Street.....Normal
Prize Speaking Contest.
MacEvoy, Kathryn, 166 North Eleventh Street.....Normal
Class Secretary 4 A; Class Vice-President, 3 A, 4 B; Girls' Basketball.
Segrell, Beatrice, 170 North Seventh Street.....Normal
Sewell, Elsie, 38 Treacy Avenue.....Normal
Thomas, Mildred, 33 Beverley Street.....Normal

## GENERAL GERMAN.

Berle, Blanche E., 786 Ridge Street.....Bryn Mawr
Bock, Harriet, 94 Littleton Avenue .....Normal
Brams, Frances, 377 Fairmount Avenue .....Normal
Caveneget, Evelyn, 188 Seymour Avenue .....Normal
Clifford, Helen, 185 Parker Street.....Normal
Durand, Albert N., 163 Bank Street.....Business
Gluck, Laura L., 301 South Seventh Street.....Normal
Hagemann, Edwin, 340 Belleville Avenue.....Bucknell University
ULTIMATUM.
Joachim, Celia, 121 Littleton Avenue.....Normal
Mitscher, Elma, 24 West End Avenue.....Normal
Pelende, Elizabeth, 169 Eighth Avenue.....Normal
Petry, Freda, 587 Warren Street .....Normal
Precker, Jennie, 212 Morris Avenue.....
Sabelson, Sarah, 167 Ridgewood Avenue .....Normal
Schmitt, May, 232 North Fifth Street.....
Smith, Virgina, 85 Chambers Street .....
Thompson, Bessie M., 226 Lincoln Avenue.....Normal
Thompson, Martha, 670 South Eleventh Street.....
Vander-Roest, Chester, 10 Orchard Street.....
Class President, 4 A; Class Treasurer, 4 B; 4 B Farce.
Ward, Edna, 18 North Seventh Street.....Normal

(*Continued on page 37.*)

CHESTER VANDER ROEST

LAURA E. OSBORNE

KATHRYN MAC EVOY

EUGENE BARLING

# Miss Marie Büttner

Began her work as teacher of German in
Barringer High School
September, 1889
Died at Atlantic City
November 18, 1911

In truth it was her mission to impart
The joy of learning with a throbbing heart;
Her own delight in realms of higher thought
Was ever shared with those for whom she wrought.
In other spheres her sunlit soul finds rest,
While here she leaves a work forever blest.

"*Du stiegst hinauf zu lichten Höh'n,*
*Dein Werk hinieden wird besteh'n.*"

# THE PURPLE AND THE GOLD

Air—"The Royal Purple.

1.

O, my classmates now rejoicing,
Let each this song upraise;
All our loyal fervor voicing,
The hills resound our praise.
Our colors grand and glorious,
We sing with joy and pride.
They'll lead us on victorious
And for all time abide.

CHORUS.

To the gold and royal purple,
We all look up with pride—
Colors meaning grit and honor,
With hope for aye allied
And when we fight life's battles
These standards we'll uphold;
Be loyal as the purple,
And steadfast as the gold.

2.

Barringer we now are leaving
The scene of toil and joy,
But our hearts forever cherish
Bright dreams without alloy
In thy precincts, ivy-mantled,
We've learned to do or die.
The knowledge thou hast taught us
With wisdom we'll apply. CHO.

3.

Some favor crimson, some the blue,
And some the emerald green.
We're to the regal color true,
Mixed with a golden sheen—
It stands without a rival,
Emblem of royalty.
To gold and royal purple,
We pledge our loyalty. CHO.

BESSIE M. THOMPSON

"JAN., 1912"

# SENIOR CLASS CALENDAR

FEBRUARY.

1. First day as seniors. Remarkable growth of the cranium.
2. Miss Wagner buys a new knapsack.
3. Peppel buys a new pencil box.
6. Hot-air Corporation chartered. Stitch, Pres.; Liffland, Treas.; Mancusi, Sec.
8. Fire drill. Ethel Haselmeyer lost in the shuffle.
9. Lincoln exercises. Rev. F. C. Baldwin delivers an address.
10. Track Team pulls out second in the Xavier H. S. Meet.
14. Valentine's Day. Durand buys American beauty roses and receives a sorority pin.
15. B. H. S. loses to Montclair H. S. in fish antics.
21. *Acropolis* comes out. First offence of new board.
22. Washington cuts a period with his little hatchet. Track Team brings home the bacon in two meets.
24. Weary Willie comes to town.
28. Shorty joins the bunch.
29-30. No school.

MARCH.

1. Ostrow buys a new hair restorer, guaranteed to grow hair on billiard balls.
3. In sweet melody, Kanter renders, "Alexander's Ragtime Band."
9. Mr. Clewes speaks, saying there's room on top. Study aviation.
10. Seitz wears a flannel shirt. Collars are in the laundry.
13. Strauss has his Latin prepared.
14. Class meeting. Clarke gets farce chairmanship. Poor C. Seward M.
17. Financial panic. Sievering loses $.02 matching pennies.
20. "Gom Gotz," Clawans buys an *Acropolis*.
22. Weary Willie discovers a new species of potato bug.
24. Barling pays up for the *Ladies' Home Journal*; Viola Tompkins, reads, "Keeping Up With Lizzie."
31. Elsie Sewell gets to school on time.

APRIL.

1. Legal holiday. Rissland comes to school with his foot in a sling.
2. B. H. S. balltossers beat Kingsley in the infant game.
5. Big swatfest. Erasmus 15, Us 14.
8. Air-slicing match. Morris High on top of 3-2 score.
10. Baseball practice stops. Kindly neighbor chews up the baseballs.
12. Castor Gray goes out for the Tit-tat-to Team.
13. Seitz gets his flannel shirt washed.
19. Hill snatched from watery grave in Branch Brook lake, by a kind policeman.
21. Stevens 8, B. H. S. 1.
22. Track Team well up in N. Y. U. meet.
23. Lillie Scheller decorates last year's spring hat with a whisk broom.
25. Girls' Athletic Meet. Promising material for the Olympic Team.
27. Class meeting. $10 appropriated for a class tree.
28. Zwaifler and Saferstein look for their brains with watches and singe their hair.

P. S.—Brains still missing.

S. P. C. A. arrests Jayson for overworking his pony.

29. 4 B Farce. The truly great are modest—'nuff sed. Weary Willie eats two lolly-pops.
East Orange bites the dust. Score 12 to 3.

MAY.

1. Circus in town. Vander Roest carries water for the elephants; Ethel Dodd poses as the bearded lady.
2. U. S. high school mile record broken by the local quartet in 3:30.
3. The popular Prof. Howard, delivers one of his good old talks.
5. Arbor Day exercises. Speaking by Mr. Bamwort.
Our class tree is planted.
7. Schwartz kills a mosquito. He is acquitted.
9. Mulligan buys a new hair receiver.
12. Address by Dean Penniman of Penn. on "College Life."
Prize Speaking Contest; Anna Golden wins a prize.
14. Newark Academy bows to the B. H. S. team.
17. Dancing exhibition by the girls. Full house to see those affiliated with corybantiasm. Oof!
18. Prizes for the winners in the Peace Essay Contest; handkerchiefs for the losers.
19. Kalsomine spills over East Orange. Score 2-0.
22. Formation of orchestra, better known as "Webb's Trained Animals."
23. Montclair H. S. 2, Barringer 1.
24. Rain. Miss Schiffenhaus loses rubbers in a snowbank.
25. Weary Willie makes mud pies.
27. Rutgers Prep. wields the brush. Score 3-0.
29. Civil War Veterans visit us. Personal reminiscences related.
30. Decoration Day. Miss Thomas does a little *extra* resting.

JUNE.

1. Seismic disturbances. Sarah Sabelson falls off the rings in the gymnasium.
3. Stevens 4, B. H. S. 2.
5. Florence Nettleship, 1st; Laura Gluck, 2nd; Helen Morton, 3rd in a six-day talking match. Rest far in the rear.
7. Weary Willie finds a peanut.
8. Horrors! one singing book in 41 out of place.
9. Somerville puts up a stiff battle. B. H. S. 8, Somerville 7.
12. East Side almost wins. Score 22-0. Bang!
15. Seitz puts his flannel shirt away for the summer.
17. Track Team tops all its victories with the winning of the National Championship at Travers Island.
18. Cramming begins. Exams. in sight.
26. 4 A class gets kicked out. Commencement exercises.
30. The prisoners make their escape.

JULY.

3. Officer Joe, sings, "All Alone."
4. Welanko arrested for carrying concealed cap pistol.
15. Laura Osborne longs for school to begin.

AUGUST.

12. Weary Willie sojourns at Hemlock Falls.

SEPTEMBER.

11. School begins. Clifton Avenue trolley line resumes business.
12. Janitors work off some of their *superfluous* flesh.
13. Baked beans in the lunch room.
14. Beans again.
15. Bean squash to-day.
18. Bean soup on the menu. Last of the beans.
20. Great Divide; chemistry lockers paid for.
21. Resources low. Naugle feeds up on crullers.
22. *Acropolis* comes out with a list of places visited by faculty. Harrison and West Hoboken among the missing.
25. The "Chess and Checker Club" reorganizes, so we *hear*.
26. "Bluebeard" Lenrow invests in a shave.
27. Lunch room swept out.
28. Vegetable soup.
30. September joins the Down and Out Club.

OCTOBER.

2. Reports are distributed. Teachers disappear at 2:30 sharp.
4. First football practice. Very promising. Four men out.
6. Weary Willie shaves a caterpillar.
9. In quest of jokes, Fischbeck reads an Erie R. R. timetable.
10. Burke repeats the alphabet in his sleep.
11. Orchestra plays in chapel for the first time. May it be the last!
12. Columbus Day. Christopher incidentally discovers a way to close school.
13. We are beaten by Peddie in the first football match.
14. Roser has his hedge trimmed for the class picture.
16. No picture. Jupiter Pluvius takes a bath and forgets to turn the water off.
17. Great catastrophe. Y. M. C. A. pool clogged up. First swimming practice of B. H. S. squad.
18. Gas escapes in Room 36. No, Dvinsky was not present.
20. Barringer swamps Stuyvesant, 45-0.
4 A class meeting. Weary Willie sandpapers his nose.
23. Robinson buys a new dish towel.
Miss Precher smiles. Something is wrong.
Golden does 100 yards in 10 seconds, fleeing from class treasurer Barling.
24. Class pictures light-struck. Proof of the brilliancy of the class.
26. Retaking of class picture. Ungaro hides behind Roser and Jeanette Gordon; no light-struck picture this time.
27. DeWitt Clinton High is downed by the Blue and White.
30. Prof. Webb loses his soup-strainer.
31. Someone hears Edna Ward speak.

NOVEMBER.

6. Newark Day. We are visited by a descendant of John Catlin.
7. Election Day. Siff spends the day annexing ash boxes.
8. Hard (?) at work again.
9. Mystery of the missing school song.
11. Montclair falls before our boys: 17-6.

(*Continued on page* 56.)

## EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A FRESHMAN

Ma-ma sed i must keep a diry becaus i am now a hi-skool boy. To-day i went to hi-skool for the 1st time. i lerned ev-ry-thing in gramer skool an i dont think they teech much in hi-skool an-yhow. On my way to skool i bawt a new pad and a e-ray-sir and a slate pen-sil. It is a very long wawk to skool. They awt to hav too hi-skools. Ther is a bee-hive on the lawn in front of the skool. I wun-der if they sting. A old-er boy told me they used it for band-con-certs in the evning.

i asked a fellow how to get in-to the skool. And he sed i was a wun-B, i am not, i am a 9 B. i waited untill i saw sum-wun els go in. Then i sneeked in after him. Ther was a reg-u-lar race track. i wawked a-round and a-round. 2 Seen-yers past. They must have bin Seen-yers for they had so many books with them. Wun of them looked at me and sed i didnt no they had a kin-der-gar-ten heer.

At 9 oklok a bell rung and ev-ry-bod-y went in-to the the-ay-ter part. So did i. We sang the Lord is my shep-herd. Then a man spok too us. Sum-wun sed he was Popstern. He is a nice man. He sed now i am go-ing to clas-i-fi you. i was not skard becaus i had not done nothing. At last he sed to me and sum other boys go to room—. i went out of the the-ay-ter part to the race track. Wen i had wawked a little ways sum-wun told me too all-ways go to the rite. i was be-will-derd. i just mised the rume and had to wawk ano-ther kwar-tur of a mile to get to it. I saw sum other boy go-ing in so i went in to and sat down. It seamed so fun-ny to hav a desk all by your-self with a nice big ink-well in it. Thee tee-cher gave us sum cards. And we had too rite in ink and rite our names back-wards. Gee, and he sed we had too go to differ-int rooms. i was get-ting skard. He al-so sed rite a com-po-si-shun, dont mak it to hi-flone or clim any flites of fan-see stares but sim-plee mak it a in-spur-a-shun theem and rite wat is in you. In me ther is a hart, too lungz, broki-tiz toobz, a livr, a blizzard in wich that Jones kid punchd me for taking his chooing gum from the clok-rume-dore, a l-men-try kanal, my stumick, too aplz, thre loly-pops, wun lemn-stik and my dinr. Az sune as i en-ded it i gave my com-po-si-shun to teecher. Then he gave us sum books. Sum have got pik-chers in them. I'm glad becaus ther isnt so much print on a page. And then the tee-cher said now you are dis-missd. i new i was go-ing too like him wen he sed that. And now i think i will look at the pik-chers in my books. i must get a pen-sil bocks.

---

### SENIOR PERSONALIA

(*Continued from page 29.*)

Warshawsky, Maurice, 105 Ridgewood Avenue.....
Webb, Lucy, 75A Thirteenth Avenue.....Normal

COMMERCIAL.

Bedell, Bessie, 412 Summer Avenue .....Normal
Collin, Lillie, 67 Columbia Avenue .....Business
Fischbeck, John, 84 South Thirteenth Street.....Business
ULTIMATUM.
Rissland, Louis W., 180 Bank Street.....Business
ULTIMATUM.
Roser, Harold C., 151 Bergen Street.....Business
Class Sergeant-at-Arms, 4 A; 4 B Farce; Track Team.
Sievering, Philip,* 54 Nairn Place.....Business
ULTIMATUM.
Yoner, Mabel A., 361 Seymour Avenue.....Normal

* Neither absent nor tardy during High School course.

# SNAP

# SHOTS

# THE 4B FARCE

TOM COBB.

I.

Teddy Roosevelt's gleaming teeth,
  King Hal, with all his wives,
Napoleon, with his lock of hair,
  The cat with all its lives,

II.

Won't be remembered by mankind
  With greater joy, or keener
Than will our Editor-in-Chief,
  Tom Cobb, alias Wiener.

III.

This same blithe lad a-courting went
  For Florence Nettleship;
He found his path with nettles strewn,
  For Stitch his hopes did rip.

IV.

The maiden's dad, Chet Vander Roest,
  Objected strongly, too;
So poor Tom Cobb resolved to die:
  What else was there to do?

V.

He disappears, but in his stead,
  Sails in a maid from beau land;
A verra wee, sma', dainty lass,
  Portrayed by Edith Rowland.

VI.

Forlorn, this lovesick damsel roams,
  A-looking for a poet,
Who flattered her with poems soft;
  Although she didn't know it.

VII.

But meanwhile, Tommy loses nerve,
  And back returns a-wooing,
But, oh, alas, to his despair,
  He finds there's nothing doing.

VIII.

The family of the lovesick lass,
  Upon an early morn,
"Abstractly" search for "kernels,"
  But do not look for corn.

IX.

The mother says to sonny, "Soar
  Above this vulgar earth;
The common herd can't comprehend,
  My son's intrinsic worth."

X.

But quickly back to earth she falls;
  Her thoughts on high don't hover;
She turns around, and there she spies,
  Her daughter's recreant lover.

XI.

She rushes out to corner him,
  But he her grasp eludes;
For lo! 'tis only poor Tom Cobb,
  Who to himself concludes:

XII.

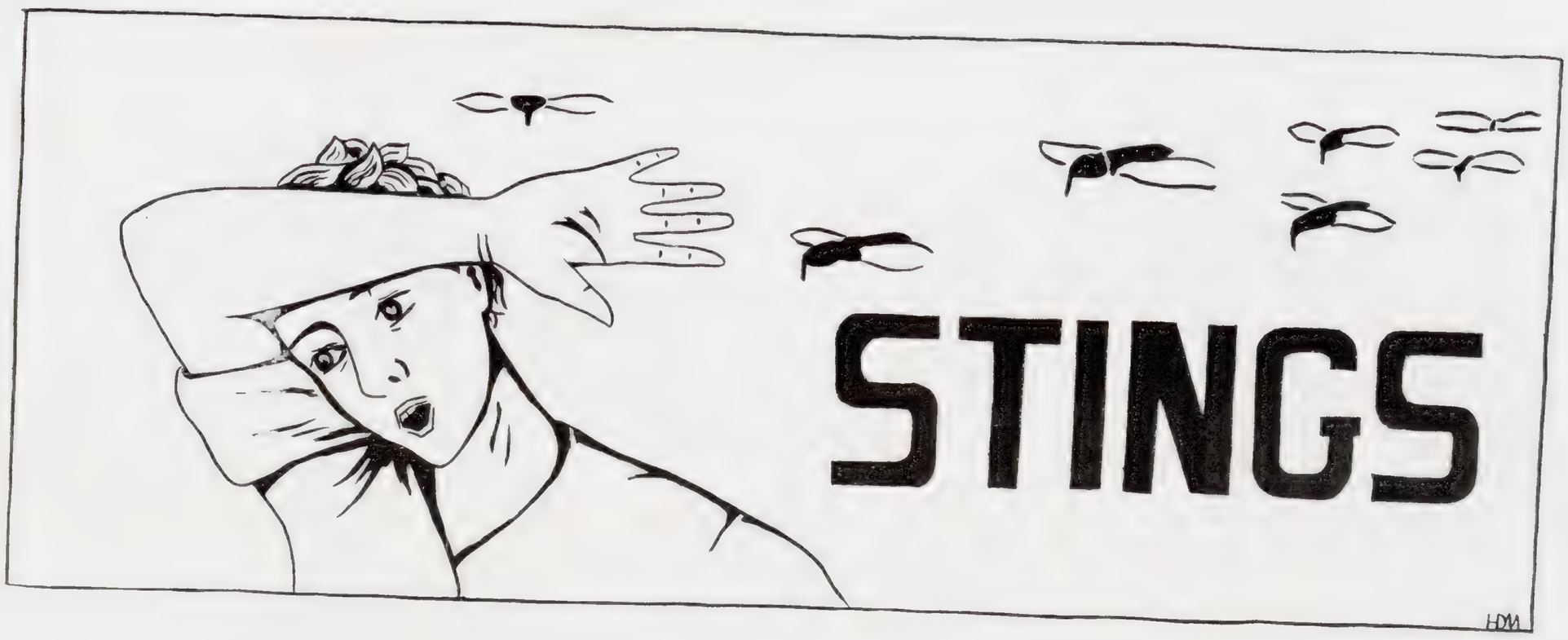
"This woman must be loony, sure;
  But no! I have it now,
She's taken me for someone else,
  But that I'll not avow.

XIII.

"I'll take her daughter, gladly, too,
  'Twill save me lots of trouble,
I only hope and pray that now
  I'll never meet my double."

XIV.

So then they wed, the play is o'er;
  We all rush for the cars;
And people talk and *talk* and TALK,
  About that 4 B Farce.




*Editors* { *JEANETTE GORDON*
*ETHEL HASELMAYER*
*VIOLA TOMPKINS*

## THE STAGE UP=TO=DATE

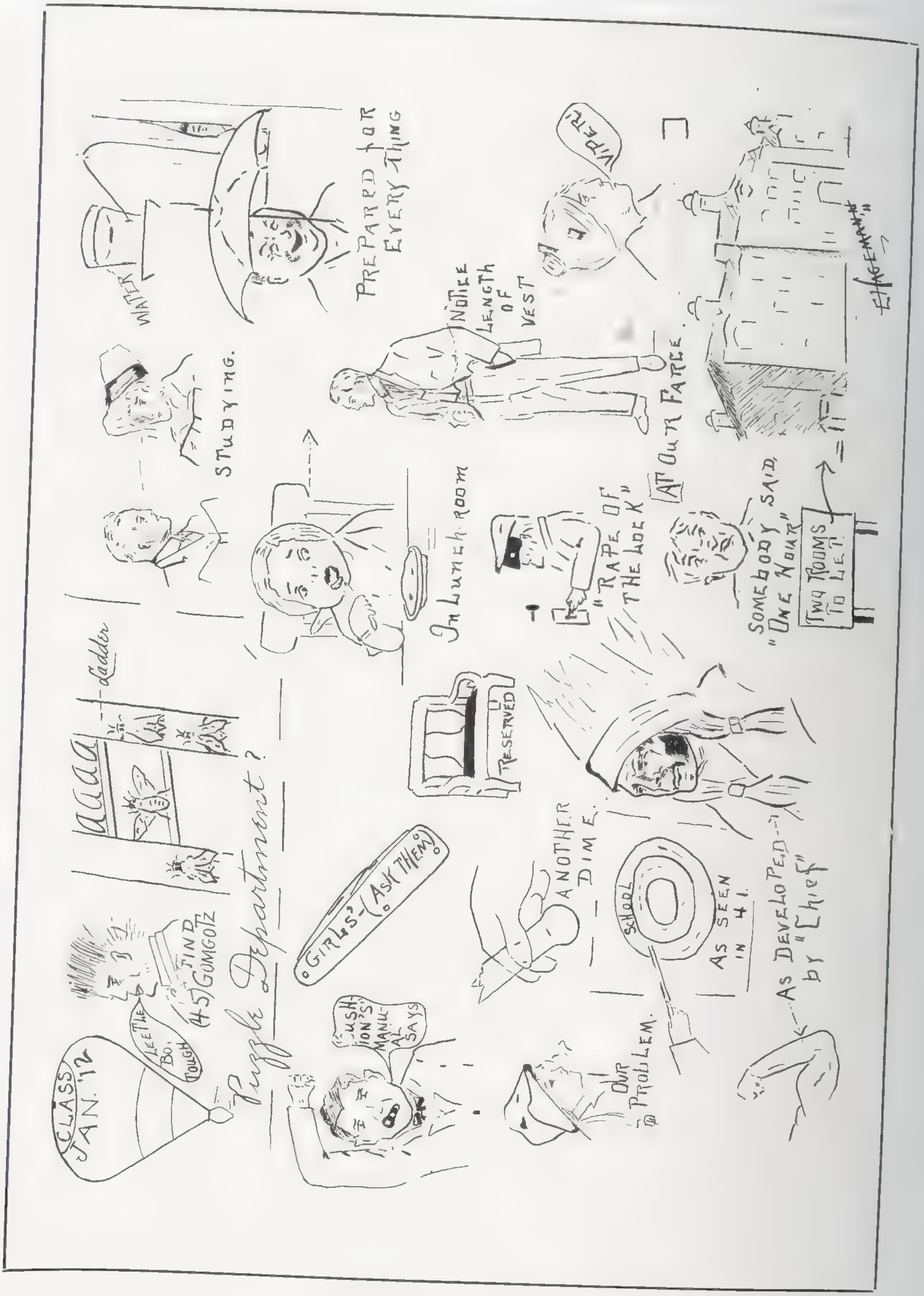
Passers-by.....Class of Jan., 1912
As a Man Thinks.....Our faculty adviser
The Garden of Allah.....Room 41
A Fool There Was.....Stitch
Baby Mine.....Miss Anna Ward
A Gentleman of Leisure.....Barling
The Never Homes.....Football heroes
Green Stockings.....Vander Roest
Bought and Paid For.....Our class pins
The Concert.....Chapel, when the orchestra plays
Nobody's Widow.....Miss Evenden
A Single Man.....Mulligan
A Great Name.....Elviro Mancusi-Ungaro
The Deep Purple.....Our class color
Pomander Walk .....Corridor
Paid in Full .....One month's dues
The Slim Princess.....Miss Sableson
The Easiest Way.....Use a pony
I'll Be Hanged If I Do.....Take gym.
The Havoc.....4A class meetings
The Climax .....Principal's office
The Melting Pot.....Gym
The Midnight Sons.....ULTIMATUM Board
The Price .....Football season tickets

---

A little 6 in Latin,
A little 5 in Math.
Make the Senior's troubles
And the parent's wrath.

---

Silence is golden, but Golden is not silence.


Prepared for Every Thing
Water
Notice Length of Vest
Wife
Studying.
In Lunch Room
"Rape of the Lock"
At Our Father's
Somebody said "One Room"
Two Rooms To Let
Girls' (Ask them)
Another Dime.
Class Jan. '12
Lee the Bo, Tough
Find 45 Gumgotz
Purple Department?
Our Problem.
School
As Seen in 41.
As Developed by "Chief"

## A DAY WITH THE SENIOR A's

8:30—Grinds arrive. Lab. opens.

8:40—Chug, chug. Mr. Stearns is here.

8:45—Teachers appear on scene. Corridor procession begins.

8:50—Miss Scheller passes around her good-morning kisses.

8:53—Corridor rules enforced.

8:55—Front seats in 41 all occupied, corridors looking rather deserted. Angels do the Marathon to 41 and 45.

8:56—Mischief afoot. Someone giggles. Magister Taylor's beaming countenance is seen.

8:57—Silence in 41. Inhabitants of House of Mirth (45), are heard.

9:00—Absence cards applied for.

9:01—Ding! Ding! "Go to chapel in the order in which you are seated."

9:02—Heavenly strains from auditorium—R. 45 hurries to secure front seats.

9:03—Loud clapping in honor of orchestra.

9:05-10—Senior classes are classy in choir practise, but classier in tongue drill. Hear! Listen! "Season tickets are good."

9:15—Jingle-Bells! General disorder, procession moves. Babel heard. Snatches of conversation, "I'm so sleepy, never got home till—" "How's my new hair comb? Does my rat show?" "Isn't he too cute?" "Haven't done a blessed thing," etc.

9:15-10:00—We visit Hades via Aeneid, Book VI. Those not called on in Elysium.

10-10:05—Recess—strain lifted.

10:05-10:45—We wander through the strange realms of Pancoast's Poems. We suggest that Lady Macbeth try Hand Sapolio instead of the "perfumes of Arabia."

10:45-12:10—Study periods for most of us. Grinds get on the job. Others consider the advisability of studying. About two pads of "perfectly good" paper used for notes.

12:10-12:15—Oh! that empty feeling. Grub-seekers get ready for mid-day rush.

12:16—Race for lunch-room in full progress. Even Seniors *momentarily* abandon their dignity.

12:16-12:45—Everybody "crams." Stock diminishes. Remarks and salt passed.

12:45-12:55—Corridor parade, and fussing brigade much in evidence. Miss Scheller passes around noonday kisses. What a sweet dessert!

1:00-1:45—We laugh at Herr Nicklas' jokes. We hear Miss Gluck repeating answers to herself???!

1:45-2:25—We decide to adopt $H_2S$. as our favorite perfume. Hurrah! The odor is so strong that electric fans are put in use. Buzz—too much noise to recite. Oh, bliss, no more work for to-day.

2:25-2:30—We dance along corridors, but settle down to a more dignified pace, upon approaching our class rooms.

2:30—Bedlam let loose: MUST be the undergraduates.

2:30-2:35—Grinds return to another hour's study and work. Sports go to football game, except a few too sporty ones, who repair to that dismal prison of the erring soul—Ye Detention Room.

(*Continued on page* 53.)

## THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Who is Sylvia?
Where Hill got his new suit?
Who shipped those sacred chickens C. O. D.?
When Miss Gluck will stop talking?
Whether we all are going to graduate?
Who curls Siff's hair?
Why that blackboard wasn't fixed.

---

A column of dust and—
  Whew! what a smell!
Some hanged fool's auto,
  And going like—well,
A bullet, a comet or
  Something like that
By Jimminy Crickets!
  Who is the bat?
Going 50 an hour?
  Well, now, you just bet!
With a girl in his tonneau,
  It's our daredevil Chet!

---

Heard in 26—But Acestes remained in the bottom of the helmet.

*Again*—Siff (translating Latin)—He stood against the opposite hill, I mean, and stood against his head, oh, I mean—??'

---

## MAGAZINES AND PAPERS

Parson's Aid—Miss Izon.
Literary Digest—Miss Rowland.
The Royal—Miss Thomas.
Judge—Mr. Taylor.
The Globe—Miss Sableson.
Puck—Roser.
The Green Book—Your Pony.

---

We wonder why Mr. Taylor suggested these as class mottoes:

What is so fickle as woman?
Put not your trust in horses!
Money is the root of all evil.

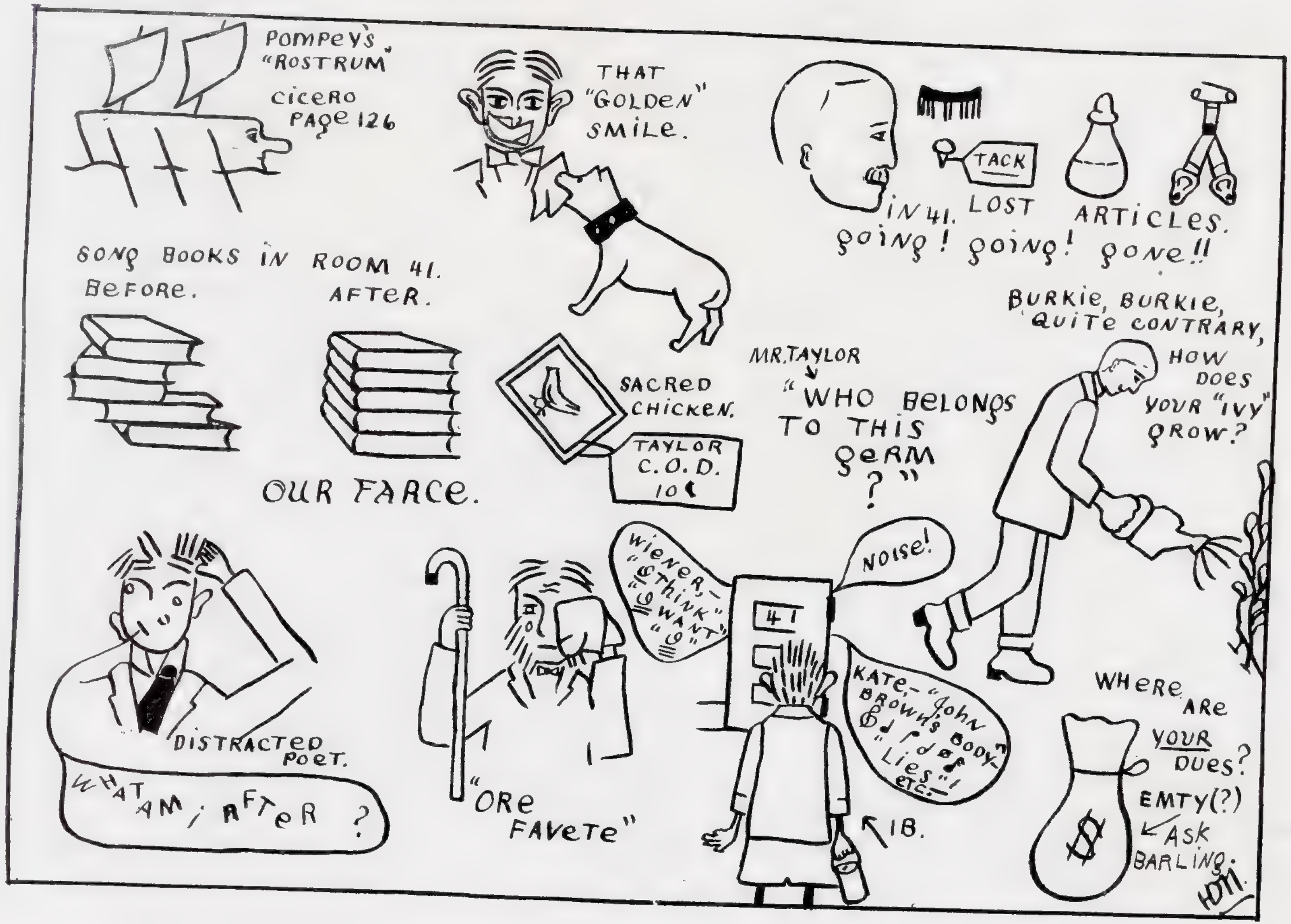
Some irreverent one remarked, "If this be so, man's best friends are worthless."

---

Miss Mezger as Biddy the cook
Such a laugh from the audience took—
Though you may not believe me
I would not deceive thee—
The whole auditorium shook.

---

Why should Miss Dodd blush when one says, "Howard watches?"


POMPEY'S "ROSTRUM"
CICERO PAGE 126
THAT "GOLDEN" SMILE.
TACK
IN 41. LOST ARTICLES.
going! going! gone!!
SONG BOOKS IN ROOM 41.
BEFORE.
AFTER.
SACRED CHICKEN.
TAYLOR C.O.D. 10¢
OUR FARCE.
MR. TAYLOR
"WHO BELONGS TO THIS GERM ?"
BURKIE, BURKIE, QUITE CONTRARY,
HOW DOES YOUR "IVY" GROW?
WIENER- "I THINK" "I WANT" "I"
NOISE!
41
KATE- "JOHN BROWN'S BODY" "LIES" ETC.
DISTRACTED POET.
WHAT AM I AFTER ?
"ORE FAVETE"
18.
WHERE ARE YOUR DUES?
EMTY(?)
ASK BARLING.
HDM.

# ROGUES' RECORD

| NAME. | ALIAS. | IDENTIFICATION I. | IDENTIFICATION II. | CRIME. | SENTENCE. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hill | Bug | Football-shaped head | That "educated toe" | Modesty (?) | To wear a rubber band around his head |
| Fischbeck | Hungary | Length | Childishness | His jokes | To be hung |
| Mulligan | Chimmy | Demure Air | Beautiful eyes | Fusses | To see an eye specialist in a girls' seminary |
| Naugle | Punk or P. O. N. | Feet | That gait | Much (?) too bashful | To be snubbed by the fair sex |
| Burke | Kid | Freckles | Angelic expression | Tried to be good | To Orcus for life |
| Gray | Castoria | Red socks | Small pedal extremities | Obstreperousness (Get that?) | To be scolded by mamma |
| Mancusi-Ungaro | Noise | Sweet voice | Mouth | Silence, timidity | To go to a school for the deaf and dumb |
| Ostrow | Oyster | An hair | Great antiquity | Mistook Herpicide for Fountain of Youth | To Overbrook |
| Jayson | Dido | Small nose | Porcupine hair comb | Horse-killing | To work in a stable |
| Sievering | Emma | Complexion | Blushes | Spoke to a girl | To Vassar |
| Seitz | Ju-leus | Grecian profile | Pink eye | Business ability | To clerk it in 3, 6, and 9-cent store |
| Stitch | Baby | Playfulness | Mental and physical poise | Breaks his toys | To grow up |

## HISTORIC PLACES

The House of Bondage—Room 41.
The House of Mirth—Room 45.

---

In 41—Book IV of Virgil—

Professor—Miss Gregory, how is it that you don't know your lesson to-day?

Miss Gregory—I'm not interested in love affairs.
Oh! you Mildred.

---

Miss Scheller seen wandering in the empty corridor and singing:
"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart—"
Now, what did that mean?

---

—— had a little trot,
He used it every night,
But every morn in 41
He hid it out of sight.

---

Professor V—n. (Demonstrating Holz machine)—You observe that this machine is operated by a large crank behind it.

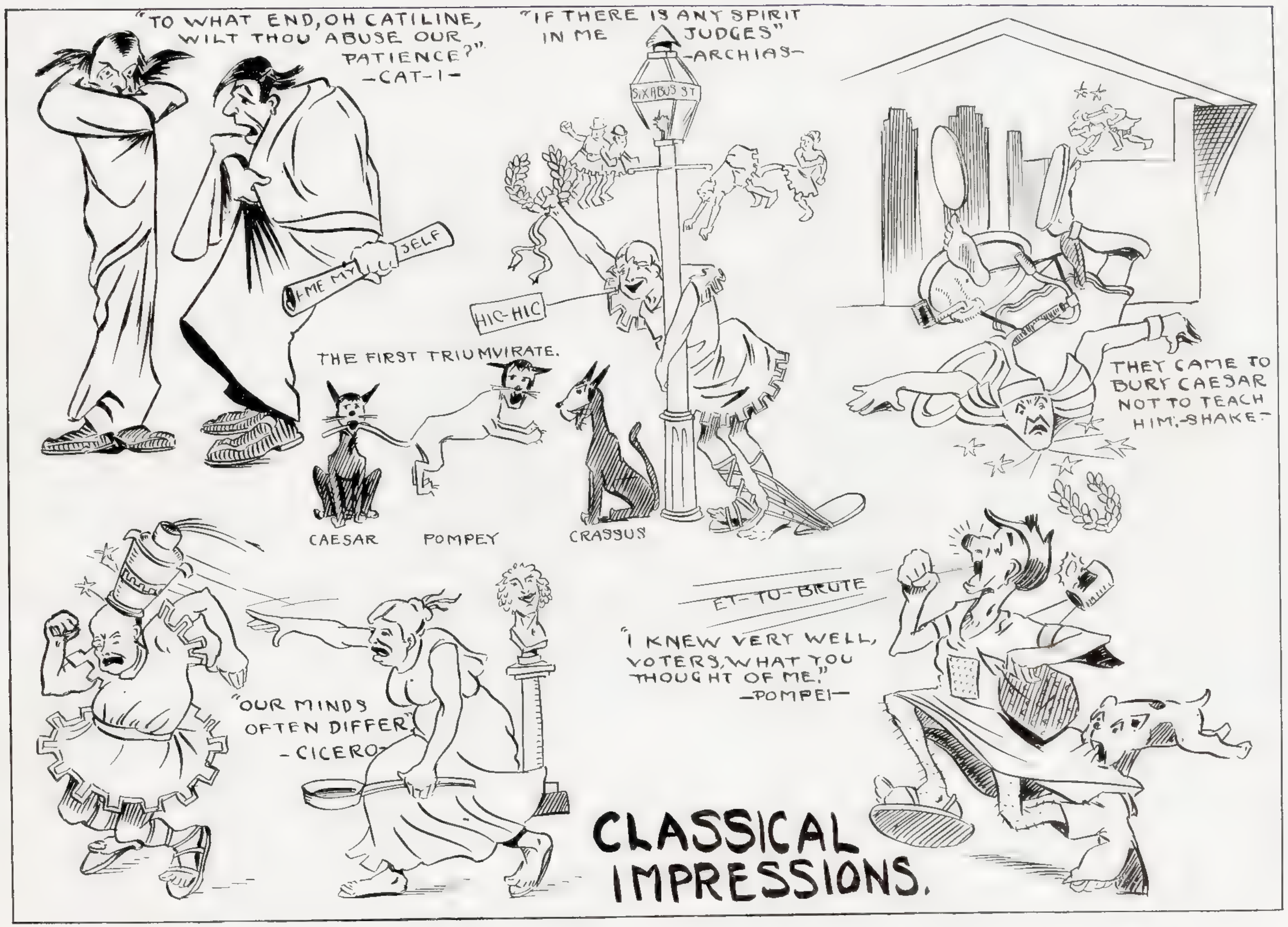
---

Miss Sewell of Room 41
Never likes to miss any fun.
But since Rich has departed,
For eights she has started,
And her name for the Honor Roll won.

---

## APPLIED QUOTATIONS

"Hence horrible shadow; thou matchlike structure, hence."—Naugle.
"Comb down his hair—look, look, it stands upright."—Roser.
"Poor, poor, lad; he seems overworked."—Seitz.
"When I ope my mouth let no (other) dog bark."—Strauss.
"I think the boy hath grace in him—he blushes."—Peppel.
"His only fault is that he has no faults."—Grey.
"A very gentle beast and of a good conscience."—Lenrow.
"Behold, the child by nature's kindly law; pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."—Stitch.
"I must to the barber's for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face."—Zwaifler.
"At every word a reputation dies."—Lunch Room.
"His bark is worse than his bite."—Mr. Milwitsky.
"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—41.
"We have seen better days."—Flunkers.
"They are like lambs, that do frisk in the sun and bleat the one at the other."—Freshman.
"A buzzing, noisy swarm of useless drones."—Sophomores.
"There's small choice in rotten apples."—Juniors.
"Let naught but good be spoken of the dead."—Seniors.
"We expect everything, and are prepared for nothing."—Faculty.


"TO WHAT END, OH CATILINE, WILT THOU ABUSE OUR PATIENCE?"
-CAT-I-
"IF THERE IS ANY SPIRIT IN ME JUDGES"
-ARCHIAS-
SIXABUS ST
HIC-HIC
THE FIRST TRIUMVIRATE.
CAESAR
POMPEY
CRASSUS
THEY CAME TO BURY CAESAR NOT TO TEACH HIM.-SHAKE-
ET-TU-BRUTE
"I KNEW VERY WELL, VOTERS, WHAT YOU THOUGHT OF ME."
-POMPEI-
"OUR MINDS OFTEN DIFFER"
-CICERO-
CLASSICAL IMPRESSIONS.

*Editors* { *ETHEL DODD*
*JOHN FISCHBECK*

## A GOOD JOKE BEARS REPETITION

As the train neared the city the colored porter approached the jovial-faced gentleman, saying with a smile: "Shall I brush you off, sah?"

"No," he replied, "I prefer to get off in the usual way."—*Ex.*

---

Little Johnny, being a city boy, had never seen a cow. While on a visit to his grandmother, he walked out across the fields with his cousin Gus. A cow was grazing there, and Johnny's curiosity was greatly excited.

"Oh, cousin Gus, what is that?" he asked.

"Why, that is only a cow," Gus replied.

"And what are those things on her head?"

"Horns," answered Gus. Before they had gone far the cow mooed long and loud.

John was astonished. Looking back, he demanded, in a very fever of interest: "Which horn did she blow?"—*Ex.*

---

"Sir, there is a hair in my soda."

"It's that boy again. He's so careless in shaving the ice."—*Ex.*

---

QUERIES

What did the Oxford tie?
Whom did the railroad track?
What did the Baltic Sea?
What did the Arctic bear?
Who heard the kitten's tail?
How did the Diamond dye?
Whom did the Ferris wheel?
Who saw the lemon squeeze-er?—*Ex.*

---

She—How kind of you to bring me these flowers. I think there is a little dew on them yet.

He—Well-er-er-yes, a little, but I'll pay that to-morrow.—*Ex.*

---

A Chicago doctor's auto number reads: 12,784 Ill.—*Ex.*

I'd rather be a Could Be,
If I could not be an Are;
For Could Be is a May Be
With a chance of touching Par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far;
For a Might Have Been has never been
But a Has was once an Are.—*Ex.*

---

An Irishwoman, who had been in this country just long enough to earn her first month's pay, was planning to send some of the money home to Ireland. After making due inquiries at the post office, she went home in great glee and said to her husband: "Shure, Moike, an' we've found the country we've been lookin' for these many years, for down in the post office here, we can get a foive-dollar money order for three cents."—*Ex.*

---

Patient—I feel all right, only I have difficulty in breathing.
Doctor—Very well, I can stop that.

---

The Governor of Maine was at the school, and was telling the pupils what the people of different states were called.

"Now," he said, "the people from Indiana are called 'Hoosiers,' the people from North Carolina, 'Tar Heels,' the people from Michigan, we know as 'Michiganers.' Now, what little boy or girl can tell me what the people of Maine are called?"

"I know," said a little girl.

"Well, what are we called?" asked the Governor.

"Mainiacs."—*Ex.*

---

"They only met by chance,
They never met before;
They only met that once,
And she was smitten sore.
They'll never meet again,
Don't want to, I avow,
They only met that once;
'Twas an auto and a cow."

---

"Pa," said little Frank, as he turned the pages of his history, "can I ask you a question?"

"What is it, my son?" asked the father without looking up from the sporting page.

"How did the cliff dwellers keep warm in the winter time?"

"Well, I guess they used the mountain ranges. Now, don't ask any more foolish questions."—*Ex.*

---

SNELLPAARDELOOSZOONDEERSPOORWEGPITROOLRIJTUNG.

That's the technical and locally accepted name of the automobile in Flanders. "Snell" (note that the second letter is N, not M!) means, "rapid"; "paardeloos" means, "horseless;" "zoondeerspoorweg" is the recognized way of describing a thing "without rails;" and finally "pitroolrijtung," implies a thing "driven by petroleum." So you have it, quite simply; and mere "White Whizzers" and "Drab Devils" are outclassed. But how would you like to be hit by a real "Snellpaardeloosz—" etc., etc.?—*Ex.*

The three degrees in medical treatment:
Positive, ill;
Comparative, pill;
Superlative, bill.

---

"Tell me," requested the foreign sociologist, "what is the significance of the eagle that is shown on American money?"

"It is," responded the son of liberty, "an emblem of its swift flight."—*Ex.*

---

Teacher—Now, Tommy, what is a hypocrite?
Tommy—A boy that comes to school with a smile on his face.—*Ex.*

---

SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"Push," said the Button.
"Take pains," said the Window.
"Never be lead," said the Pencil.
"Always keep cool," said the Ice.
"Be up-to-date," said the Calendar.
"Do business on tick," said the Clock.
"Never loose your head," said the Barrel.
"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.
"Never do anything offhand," said the Glove.
"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.
"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.—*Ex.*

---

Professor—Leave the room.
Student—With pleasure; I have not the least desire to take it with me.

---

They were the usual romantic pair, seated in the same old romantic position, and all the rest of that talk. Presently the young lady sighed:

"Do you love me very much?" she gurgled.

"As much as my pay day," answered he with a big heart.

"Would you die for me?" she regurgled.

"Well, not quite," he made reply, "but I'll tell you what I will do. I'll smoke your father's cigars, listen to your kid brother tell about that touchdown he made in last Thanksgiving Day's game, learn the history of your mother's family tree, and lastly, and greatest of all, eat your cooking!"

But she would not be comforted. She bade him begone and he bewent.

---

Shoe "ad": "If you want to have a fit, wear Brown's shoes."

---

MODERN HUGO.

Freshman—Les Miserables.
Sophomore—Man Who Laughs.
Juniors—Toilers of the Sea.
Seniors—Last Day of a Condemned.

---

A joke's a joke for a' that.

## KEEPING IT UP

An inspector, examining a class of small boys, asked—"What is a warship sometimes called?"

A boy put up his hand, whereupon the inspector repeated the question—"What is a warship called?"

Small Boy—A cruiser.

Inspector—That's right, my boy, and what do they call the men who go aboard the cruiser?

Small Boy—The crew, sir.

Inspector—And what drives the cruiser?

Small Boy—The screw, sir.

Inspector—Now, you seem a smart sort of boy. Where do you come from?

Small Boy—Crewe, sir.

Inspector—And what's your name?

Small Boy—Caruso.

Collapse of inspector.—*Ex.*

---

## HINGLISH HUMOR

A magistrate's clerk was taking down the evidence of a witness, and asked what her name was.

"Meddows," she replied.

"How do you spell it, Madam?"

"Hem, He, D, D, Ho, Double U, Hess!"

"Ah! then there's no 'Hay' in your meadows?" remarked the witty scribe, to the amusement of the court.—*Ex.*

---

## THROUGH THE TELEPHONE

"Are you there?"
"Yes."
"Who are you, please?"
"Watt."
"What is your name, please?"
"Watt's my name."
"Yes; what is your name?"
"I say my name is Watt."
"Oh, well, I'm coming over to see you."
"All right. Are you Jones?"
"No, I am Knott."
"Who are you then, please?"
"I'm Knott."
"Will you tell me your name, please?"
"Will Knott."
"Why won't you?"
"I say my name is William Knott."
"Oh, I beg your pardon."
"So you will be in if I come round, Watt?"
"Certainly, Knott."

Then they were cut off by the exchange and Knott wants to know if Watt will be in or not.—*Ex.*

RUBBER!

(*Continued from page* 43)

2:35-2:45—Corridor procession wanes gradually. "No loitering in the corridors."

2:45—Hour of grace is up. Woe unto him who is found causelessly wandering in the paths of Barringer High!

2:45-3:00—Smoke issues from Lab., followed by, last but not least, phew! "a vile odor." Roll is called in detention room amidst much excitement. A choice few are rejected, having no permits.

3:00—Some more 'scape (goats) fill another car bound for football field. Groans to the tune of, "Oh gwan without me—I'm stung for an hour, darn it," issue from prison.

3:00-3:15—Frequent glances at clock in prison. Kind Warder excuses convicts at 3:15.

3:15-3:30—B. H. S. grows silent and deserted.

3:30-3:45—Recreants arrive at oval. Game in progress.

4:00-5:00—Excitement. Hill makes a touchdown. Seniors cheer. Hill kicks a goal. Seniors cheer!

5:00-6:00—We won of course. Public Service Corporation rushed.

6:00-7:30—Get filled up.

7:30-10:30 or 11:30—Study, cram, etc.

Then—brains crack—good night!

Compliments of

S.

"Jimmy"

R. WALSH & CO.

Makers of Sweets

Wadsworth Chocolates

made at our factory

350 and 352 Plane Street

for sale at our

Retail Stores

157 Market Street, Newark

83 Broad Street, Elizabeth

and at most confectionery and drug stores

(*Continued from page* 16.)

course, the story about the wreck of the *Nellie Hawkins,* which the Montcalms had never attempted to conceal from him.

"The *Nellie Hawkins!* The *Nellie Hawkins!* do you hear that, Jessie?" cried Bristol, greatly excited. "Isn't that the boat my poor Nettie was to take? I wonder, oh! I wonder, but no, it's impossible!"

"Well, before you get excited over such a wild notion, John, suppose you go over to the Hall and ask Dr. Gordon about Mr. Aleck Montcalm," advised his sensible sister. "This lad's people will be frightened to death. They must be notified at once."

John did as his sister advised, and during his absence Bob improved his time by chatting with Jessie Bristol. After a long interval the door opened, and in walked John, followed by a terribly astounded Aleck.

"Hello, Bud! I came to college, too. Aren't you glad to see me?" piped up Bob the minute he saw who it was.

"Good Heavens! kid, it's you. How on earth did you get here? I must telegraph father at once. They'll be crazy down there!"

Bob couldn't see the need of this, but finally consented when Aleck promised to be back from the telegraph office in half an hour. True to his promise, he came back, in great doubt as to what to do with the young hopeful. It was all very well for a lark, and a plucky stunt for a boy, but, of course, he must go back, and that was a different proposition. While Aleck was thus wondering, John interrupted by asking about Bob's history.

"You see, it's this way," he said, with tears in his eyes, "I had a wife, as good and kind as a woman could be. We lived in the States then, down South, and had one child. Everything went on happily till Ralph, for that was the child's name, was nine months old. Then my wife's mother died and she went on terrible. The neighbors said the shock had affected her brain, and I guess it must have, for one day when I came in from work, she was gone and the baby too. She left a very queerly worded note, I've got it yet, saying she was going to St. John by boat to see her mother. Nettie was a Canadian lass and her mother was buried up there. Well, I found the

(*Continued on page* 55.)

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J. E. S.

A Friend

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*The Full Dresser*
Custom Tailor
138-140 Market Street
Newark, N. J.

Second Floor Entrance on Halsey Street

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An advertisement without an illustration is like a cart without a horse.

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223 MARKET STREET NEWARK
PHONE 6754 MKT
ILLUSTRATIONS DESIGNS AND CARTOONS DRAWINGS AND IDEAS FOR ADVERTISING
RAYMOND J. BELL
ELLISON B. HOOVER

The Indian with his pipe of peace
Has slowly passed away;
But the Irishman with his piece of pipe
Has come prepared to stay—

*and so has*

CARL F. SEITZ

THE PIPEMAN

at 569 Broad Street

Opp. Shubert Theatre

The only store of its kind in the State with the lines of Pipes, Pipe-racks, Smoking Articles, Etc.

(*Continued from page* 54.)

boat that sailed that day was the *Nellie Hawkins*. Of course, we never knew if she really went or not; I investigated everywhere, but nothing was ever found out except that that boat was wrecked. There's one thing I remember about the baby; he had a big scarred mark on his upper right arm; leaned out of his crib when he wasn't but a wee-un, and burned it against the hot stove. Come over here, Bobby, and let's see your arm."

When the seared flesh of the little boy had fully established his identity, there was much excitement at the little house; Aleck was wild to send word to his parents, Bob was quite unable to grasp the situation, while his father and aunt, with hearts too full for utterance, simply sat and stared.

"Well, I'll tell you," said John, finally, "Let the lad stay with us to-night, and tomorrow I'll get leave for the day and take my boy up to Canso myself and arrange matters. He's tired out, so I'll put him to bed."

Aleck then returned to the Hall, saying to Bob by way of farewell: "So long, brother (for you'll be that to the end), only now you're twice as rich as you were, for you've two fathers to love you and two homes instead of one."

Up in the little gable bedroom, Bob slowly undressed and knelt down by John for his accustomed prayer.

"Now, I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take, and—and God, dear God, thank you for giving me my own, own father."

Outside, the yellow stars twinkled while the kindly old moon looked down in sympathy on a white-robed figure, kneeling before a man who echoed in his heart the prayer of his son, for Bob had found his father at last.

(*Continued from page* 36.)

13. Fischbeck says, sulphur occurs in animal matter in the form of mustard, hair and eggs.
14. Mr. Stearns tells of the value of a high school education. Boneheads very attentive. First snowfall.
15. Miss Haynes wins a medal for rapid-fire talking.
16. Weary Willie reads the "Tenement House Mystery or Who Washed the Baby in the Soup Bowl."
17. Miss Westwood sees the animals perform. "Good morning, boys and girls."
30. All give thanks that the bird of royalty has arrived and sacrificed himself for the cause of humanity.

DECEMBER.

23. Miss Olds cleans the chimney so that Santa Claus can come down.
24. Miss Evenden hangs up her stocking.
25. Weary Willie gets a book on "How to Raise Grub Worms on 3c. worth of Peanut Butter."

JANUARY.

1. Little 1912 arrives on an ice wagon.
4. *Mirable dictu!* Miss Rowland is corrected in English class.
26. Best class ever says good-bye to the halls of Barringer.


# The Holt Way!

A Service more personal—a care to each customer as though that customer was the store's only customer—and immediately a feeling of safety overtakes you—if you

Buy Diamonds at
HOLT'S

BROAD STREET

Corner Academy

# JAMES E. BRYCE

Dealer in

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Linoleums, Oilcloths, Stoves,
Ranges, Etc.

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The Daily Newspapers and Magazines PAY CARTOONISTS and COMIC ARTISTS to make funny pictures. WE WALKED RIGHT INTO THIS BIG TOWN and KICKED A HOLE IN IT! WE ARE STILL KICKING HOLES IN IT! We Fought, Fussed, Fumed, Fretted —But NEVER FALTERED! WE drew Cartoons against Private Interests! We HELPED to Hold the GRAFTERS in Check! We Worked for The Common People to make Their Burdens Lighter! YES, the WIDE-SPREAD RUMOR that there's a School of Cartooning to Boost Newark is TRUE! WE went into Battle with a Song on OUR Lips! EVERY MOTHER'S SON Hums as HE hustles with HEAD, HEART and HAND, to Fight OPPRESSION with Pen and Ink. To FIGHT the Daily BATTLES in a manner that EVEN makes the ENEMY laugh! THE BERKLEY SCHOOL of CARTOONING—IS HERE—BUSY- DAY and NIGHT! WE Teach Young Men and Women a Profession that may mean BIG MONEY and a CHANCE for FAME to the SUCCESSFUL ONES. —Where Downstairs the PRESSES are Singing their own Triumphant Tune "Everybody's a Newspaper Man," and Upstairs the LINOTYPES Lullaby is "Life is Just One Cartoon after Another." And the World Laughs and is Content with Itself, and the Cartoonist makes funny pictures to AMUSE the Reading Public—BECAUSE the Papers WANT them—and the Public LOOKS for THEM. For Information, Address US at

223 Market Street. Phone. Market 6754.


*(Continued from page 22)*

## EPILOGUE

O, what a time I had, *mes jeunes enfants,*
In twisting words in where they don't belong!
But that's the way Bill Shakespeare got his fame
And a plugg'ed dime to buy a quart of ale.
Glad will I be, if hook I do not get,
Or worster[1] yet, a crate of mellow eggs,
Yea, eggs—ripe eggs—vile things and cowards too,
That soak one on the dome and run, and run,
And run—ye Gods that cannot bribe the fates!
And let bright streams of gold and unhatched chicks,
Flow down upon one's brand new class-day dress!

* * * * * *

Upon Mount Popocatapel of old,
A good Champaignian returning home,
To wifie from his club and merrie friends,
By robbers was waylaid, and when upon
His head their gentle club came down with soft
Caress as they relieved him of his Ingersoll,
To him they said, "Accept this as we mean
It, in the spirit of a knock!"—— —— ——[2]

[1] A rare form of this word, probably common in literature before the flood.

[2] The famous manuscript ends here abruptly. What a deadly blow to humanity! For who can tell how much more of this sublime language, and these lofty thoughts, rare gems of the poet's genius, might have been the common possession of posterity. Alas! What boots it; let us be satisfied with this half-loaf and not cry out, "Sour grapes."

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*Worth Anything*

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"Elysian Brand" Coffee

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4 B's

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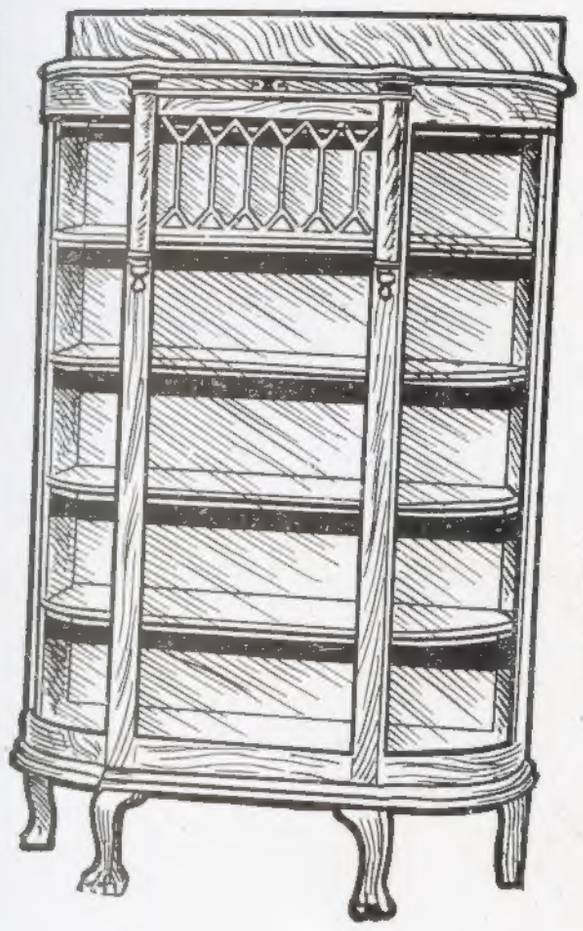
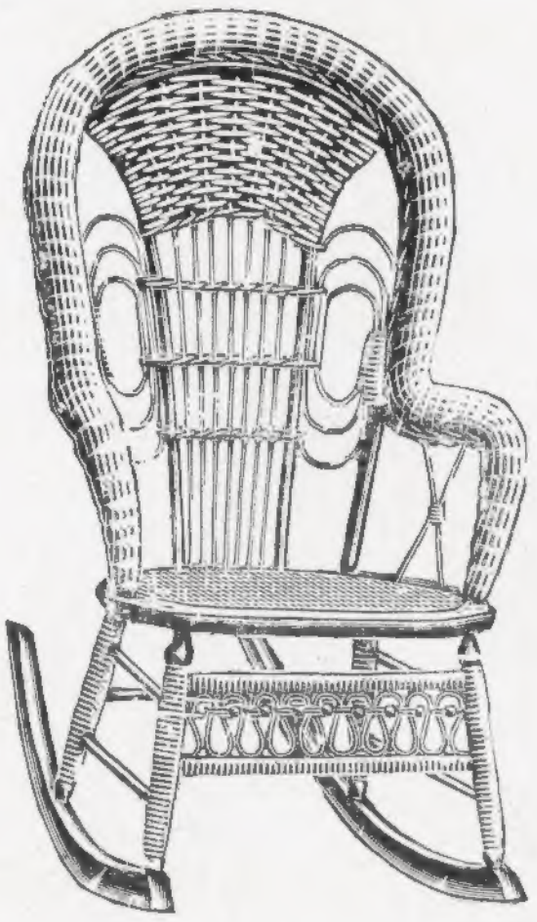
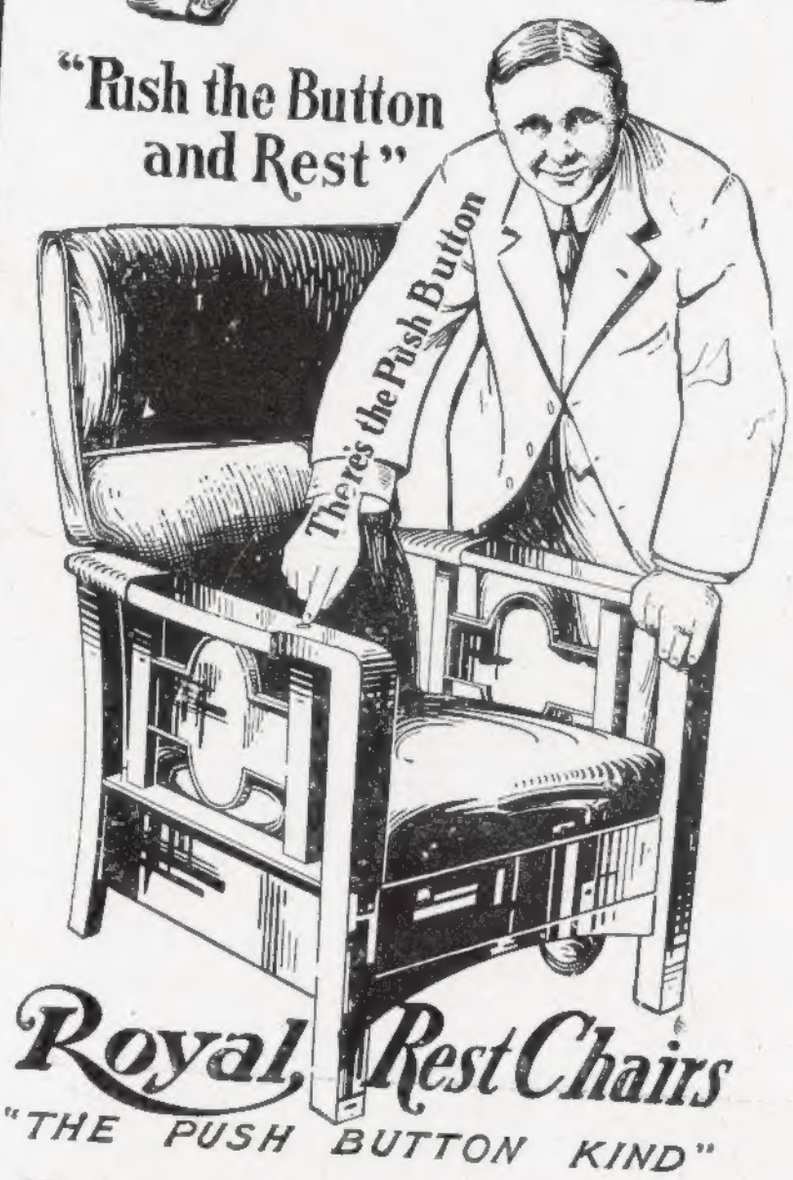
WHAT WE SAY IS SO





"Push the Button and Rest"




Royal Rest Chairs

"THE PUSH BUTTON KIND"

**We sell it a little lower in price**
**We have always done it—It's our way**

## E. A. KIRCH & COMPANY

DIPLOMA
AT LAST.
E. HAGEMANN.

```python
from pathlib import Path
import re

# Change these if needed
PREFIX = "Ultimatum"
EXTENSIONS = {".jpg", ".jpeg", ".png", ".tif", ".tiff"}

folder = Path(".")

pattern = re.compile(rf"^{re.escape(PREFIX)}(\d+)$")

files = []

for f in folder.iterdir():
    if f.suffix.lower() not in EXTENSIONS:
        continue

    m = pattern.match(f.stem)
    if m:
        number = int(m.group(1))
        width = len(m.group(1))
        files.append((number, width, f))

# Rename everything to temporary names first
temp_files = {}

for _, _, f in files:
    temp = f.with_name("__tmp__" + f.name)
    f.rename(temp)
    temp_files[f] = temp

# Rename to final names
for number, width, original in files:

    if number <= 2:
        new_number = number
    elif number % 2 == 1:   # odd: 003â■'004, 005â■'006...
        new_number = number + 1
    else:                   # even: 004â■'003, 006â■'005...
        new_number = number - 1

    new_name = f"{PREFIX}{new_number:0{width}d}{original.suffix}"
    temp_files[original].rename(folder / new_name)

print("Done!")
```